The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907

State Railway Legislation: Bad

In a majority of the States laws have been passed or are pending covering four subjects in the domain of railway transportation: (1) the endowment of State railway commissions with arbitrary powers; (2) demurrage, or charges for the detention of cars; (3) passenger rates; and (4) franchise and stock transactions. Some of these measures are unreasonable. State measures regulating railways and other public service corporations may be divided into three classes. One class consists of those laws or proposed laws of which the sole purpose is repression. They are the natural product of popular resentment engendered by the alleged arrogant or blundering actions of railway managers and popular impatience with artificially perverted commercial conditions. They have been framed in a spirit of battle, and without any very intelligent knowledge of the facts. A second class consists of those laws, or proposed laws, of which the purpose is to extend unearned privileges to the railways. They may have been introduced in response to a popular demand, but they have been framed in a spirit of partisan friendliness to special interests. The third class, as yet small, consists of those laws, or proposed laws, of which the purpose is the maintenance of the sovereignty of the people and even-handed justice to the railways. To the first of these categories seem to belong many of the State measures which have recently been passed or are pending. These are evidently the product of inadequate knowledge. Concerning the powers given to commissions, for instance, the Texas Commission annulled the Sunset Limited train of the Southern Pacific Railway last week, so it is announced, because it was fifty minutes late, the annulment being due to the Commission's recent order requiring passenger trains to run within thirty minutes of their schedules; as the Sunset Limited is an inter-State train, the case shows how unreasonably the interests of through passengers may be affected by State legislation. As to the subject of demurrage, the bill which has been rushed through the New York State Senate is a good example of possibly well-meant but unwise action. Under the guise of reciprocity in inducing railways to supply cars with reasonable promptness and in sufficient numbers for shippers, also for inducing shippers to load and unload cars with equal promptness, and not to use them for storage, the bill enables the shipper to order from the railways any number of cars, whether needed or not, and to require railways to furnish them within four days, under a forfeiture of a dollar a day for each car for failure to meet the demand. So far from reducing the evils aimed at, such a law might be used as a means of evading the prohibition of rebates, for a shipper might order many cars, use what he really needed, and collect demurrage for what he did not get and *did not want*. But the great majority of the acts of State Legislatures have to do with passenger rates, and the States which have passed legislation fixing the maximum that railways may charge for transportation of passengers are West Virginia, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wisconsin, Alabama, and North Carolina. It is interesting to note that the railway companies operating in Wisconsin have agreed to the rate decreed in that State. We believe that Wisconsin is the only State in which such a settlement has been made, and it reflects credit upon the system instituted some years ago by Governor, now Senator, La Follette. The railways operating in the "revolutionary" States can (1) refuse to obey the law and stand suits for penalty as well as damages to passengers, or (2) establish new tariffs, complying with the law, and test the law's constitutionality in the courts on the ground of confiscation. Of course the latter method has been chosen. The new railway tariffs include a withdrawal of excursion and other special rates and a discontinuance or marked increase in commutation rates. The Outlook refuses to believe, however, that the railways seriously contemplate so short-sighted a revenge as to inaugurate a petty system of rechecking baggage on crossing the frontier of certain States. The most serious feature of all unreasonable State legislation is its hampering of railways engaged in inter-State commerce. This commerce is under the exclusive regulation of the Federal authority. While State laws operate only within their boundaries, they inevitably produce an effect far beyond them. In this connection we note that the Chicago Great Western Railway Company has started a suit in the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul, Minnesota, to enjoin the enforcement of freight schedules adopted by the State Commission of Minnesota. If necessary, the case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court. The company takes the ground that the schedules fixed by the Minnesota State Commission, though they apply only to commerce within the State, constitute an interference with inter-State commerce, inasmuch as they are unreasonably low and tend to detract from the capacity of the road to do its business as a common carrier among the States.

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State Railway Legislation: Good

To the comparatively small class of measures hostile to neither the railways nor the people, but designed to maintain both popular sovereignty and railway prosperity, belongs the railway law of Wisconsin. At the time that law was passed, in 1905, The Outlook reported in outline its main provisions, but it is of interest to note this law now with reference to the present situation. By that law Wisconsin created a Commission of three, appointed by the Governor; the Commission has power, not to draw up schedules indiscriminately, but to fix rates, for passenger as well as freight traffic, upon the complaint, not merely of shippers, but also of any person, concern, or municipality. The Commission has authority to examine, of its own initiative, any rate or charge; in this way complaint may be brought by the whole State rather than by any element within it. The Commission is free to adjust rates to local conditions; and of course leaves the railways free to do so as well, so long as they do not make unjust discriminations. Its discretion is thus not strictly limited. By a very skillfully drawn provision, dilatory processes in the courts are avoided. There is no appeal to the courts; but of course any railway may bring action in the courts if it claims that the decision of the Commission is confiscatory. In that case, however, the burden of proof, which, until a rate is deemed unjust, rests upon the complainant or the Commission, is shifted to the railway. Moreover, the railway cannot bring any evidence before the court which it has not already laid before the Commission in order to give the Commission a chance to rescind or modify its order. The Commission has also powers regarding free passes, value of physical properties, indebtedness, hours and wages of labor, accidents, and the like. It is in accordance with this law that the Wisconsin Commission, as noted above, has fixed a two-and-a-half-cent passenger rate. In contrast with many other State measures, this law is an attempt to apply intelligent thought and foresight to a careful study of conditions. Of the same character with the Wisconsin law is the Public Service Commissions Bill now before the New York Legislature. The New York bill, however, is more inclusive. Its general provisions, which we reported last week, are in brief résumé as follows: The State is divided into two districts, one containing New York City, the other the rest of the State; over each district a Public Service Commission has jurisdiction; the two Commissions have practically the same powers; they fix rates, on complaint; they summon witnesses; they must act in harmony with the Inter-State Commerce

Commission; they pass upon the acquirement of franchise rights and upon the transfer of franchises and of stocks; they can examine into the franchises, capitalization, and management of railways; they may recommend legislation; require co-operation between two or more public service corporations; prescribe forms of reports; examine into accidents; prescribe remedies, such as appliances, standards of skill in employees, and so forth; set standards of light; supervise gas and electric meters; institute summary proceedings. In addition there are provisions regarding passes, restrictions upon stockholding companies, regulations as to rates for long and short hauls, publication of tariff schedules, and the like. It is in such measures as the law of Wisconsin and the bill before the Legislature of New York that the salvation of the railways as well as the people from reckless State legislation very largely lies. So far as State laws are concerned, the issue now lies between such measures as these and the slap-dash making of rates by Legislatures. We believe that the time is approaching when the majority of railway presidents will not only not oppose such a bill as the Public Service Commissions Bill of New York, but will be glad to see a comprehensive law of the same character find a place among the Federal statutes.

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Plans for Increasing Railway Freight Capacity

Railway freight facilities must be brought up to present commercial demands upon them. Mr. Hill, President of the Great Northern Railway, has stated that the necessary increase in trackage, terminals, locomotives, and cars would cost a billion dollars a year for five years. But this is not all. When that money is spent, it would only even up freight facilities to actual demands. There would be no provision for an inevitable future and increased demand. That future may be provided for in two ways—first, by enlarging the present standard track gauge of four feet eight and a half inches to six feet, together with a proportionate increase of rolling stock, thus affording room for greatly augmented traffic; secondly, by a general electrification of all our railways. The first plan is practically impossible, not only because of its enormous cost under any circumstances, but also because of the necessity to operate the roads coincidently with their reconstruction. Moreover, even if the gauge were increased, there would have to be a corresponding increase in locomotive strength. On the other hand, a general electrification of American railways would need but half the sum necessary to increase the gauge and rolling stock. Furthermore, it could be instituted without interrupting traffic. Again, electrification provides both increased speed and cheaper motive power. Finally, the freight trains of the future may be at least a mile long. Such a train could be profitably operated only by electricity and under the multiple unit system, by which the breaking in two of a train, now occurring with too great frequency, would be largely prevented. The number of engines would depend on the grades, as now, but would of course be several times the present number, and, distributed throughout the train, would be unified and managed by the operator at the head of the train. Naturally, such trains would demand a rearrangement of termini—a rearrangement bound to come in any event. Thus every indication is that the congestion of the railways and all the attending difficulties of operation are likely to be greatly relieved by the rapidly widening application of electric power.

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Forest Reserves

On the eve of the adjournment of Congress President Roosevelt issued a proclamation adding some seventeen million acres of forest lands to the National Forest Reserves already established. This was just before he signed an act of Congress abridging his authority to create reserves in the States of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. The President showed characteristic wisdom, courage, and determination in opposing this wish of Congress. That wish had been largely the expression of those seeking to divert to private ownership as great a share as possible of the remaining forests. In other words, private interests would satisfy the appetite of the present generation by sacrificing a great future inheritance. Fortunately, there was no question of the President's power under the statute of 1891. In addition, the surveys for particular reserves had long been under way; in many cases the preparation of the necessary papers had been ordered two years ago. As the President said, the utmost care and deliberation had been exercised in deciding upon the boundaries of the proposed reserve; if he did not act, reserves which he considers very important for the interests of the United States would be wholly or in part dissipated before Congress again had an opportunity to consider the matter, while under the action which he has taken they will be preserved. If the next Congress chooses to review and reverse the President's action, it can do so by action taken with fuller opportunity for considering the subject on its own merits. The President adds that if by any chance land more valuable for other purposes than for forest reserves is shown to have been included, he will forthwith restore it to entry. The creation of the reserves means that our timber is to be kept in the interest of the home-maker, rather than in that of great private owners and lumber syndicates. This is the object, not merely of our forest policy, but of our whole public land policy.

Porto Rico

Mr. Beekman Winthrop, the Governor of Porto Rico, has been appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Cortelyou. This appointment must be regarded in the light of promotion. We are not surprised at the demonstrations of regret which come from the people of the island. Mr. Winthrop's tact in political administration, and no less the tact of his wife in social administration, have done a great deal to commend Americanism to the people of the island, and to counteract the evil influences of some Congressional neglect. It is a noteworthy testimony to the wisdom of his administration that the Council, which is composed partly of natives and partly of Americans, has rarely (we believe never) divided on racial lines. It may be hoped that incidentally Mr. Winthrop, having his home in Washington, may be able to impress upon Congressmen the importance of some of those needed reforms which he has urged upon our Government in his annual messages. The most important of these, in our judgment, are an act making Porto Ricans citizens of the United States and an act imposing a slight tariff on foreign coffees as a means of stimulating coffee growth in Porto Rico. Mr. Regis H. Post, who takes Governor Winthrop's place, has been his Secretary of State, and is thoroughly familiar, therefore, with Porto Rican conditions. He is one of that class of young men, happily increasing, who have gone into public service in order that they may serve the public. When Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of the State, Mr. Post was in the Assembly, where as an independent Republican he gave Mr. Roosevelt's reform policies efficient support. Mr. Winthrop's administration has been so admirable that Mr. Post will find some difficulty in following him; but we expect to see the same good spirit maintained and the same wise policy pursued under the new Governor as under the old.

Archbishop Ireland on the French Church

The New Cathedral Bulletin of St. Paul has published a very interesting sermon by Archbishop Ireland on "The Church and the State in France." While this sermon was preached before the final legislation was effected, it may be accepted as the view of liberal American Roman Catholics. In this and the following paragraphs we give our readers a résumé of the sermon. The Archbishop declares that, while the situation at the moment is undoubtedly serious, there will come at the end a clearer understanding of mutual interests. He affirms his love both for the Church and for France. Since 1801 the relations of the two have been regulated by a Concordat under which the Catholic religion was recognized as that of the great majority of the French people; its free exercise guaranteed; annual stipends assured to bishops and priests; churches and other buildings for religious use, confiscated during the Revolution and not afterwards alienated by acts of the Government, placed at the disposal of the bishops; the Pope, in return, conceding the right of nomination of archbishops and bishops to the State, canonical institution to be given by the Pope, and that only such priests be appointed to chief parishes as should be acceptable to the Government. The Church property was placed at the disposal of the bishops, thus restoring the *status quo* existing before the Revolution. The Church has always held that the ownership of ecclesiastical edifices was fully restored to it, and has supported its contention by the fact that the Concordat invokes the authority of the Pope "to quiet title as to such ecclesiastical properties as had been alienated by the Government," and on the similarity of language between the act of the Constituent Assembly which placed the properties of the Church "at the disposition of the nation," and the language of the Concordat, which places what remained of the properties "at the disposition of the bishops." Annual stipends were to be paid to bishops and priests, not as a gratuity, but as a restitution of values taken by the State from the Church.

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The Amendment of the Concordat The Concordat, with all its provisions, has now been annulled. Americans, the Archbishop says, must not be misled by the phrase "separation of Church and State." In this country this means liberty and justice; "in France it means servitude and oppression." "We are ready," said the Pope to the Cardinals, "to submit to the separation of the Church from the State, but it must be a fair separation—such as obtains in the United States, in Brazil, in Great Britain, in Holland;" and the Archbishop declares, "No Catholic in the United States makes objection to separation; for here separation means exactly what it purports to mean." The law of separation in France has its good points. It restores to the Church the liberty of naming her bishops and priests. It has also its evil points; the control of houses of worship, residences of priests and bishops, seminaries for the education of clergy, is vital to the Church, and the proposed "associations of worship" do not secure sufficient control of these properties. In the United States "the discipline of the Church is recognized in the organization and working of those corporations; the bishop of the diocese is *de jure* member and president; should a controversy bring the corporation before the civil courts, the issues involved in the controversy are discussed and judged with due regard to the Church's own spirit and laws. In other words, religious corporations are so organized and so regulated that in forming them, while she complies, as she must, with the laws of the land, the Church retains full control of her properties and guards them against all use contrary to her own laws." The Catholic Church is ruled, first by the Pope at Rome, next by the bishop of the diocese; its whole organization is hierarchical. In the "associations of worship" this principle is not only not recognized, but "explicitly excluded;" and an association of worship, if it wishes, can "put aside priests, bishops, and popes, and conduct and regulate public worship, subject in final appeal only to the Council of State." The Catholic Church will never agree "to lodge the possession of her temporalities or the regulation of her worship in associations independent of the control of her hierarchy." The "associations of worship" are so limited in authority and so circumscribed that they offer the Church no guarantee of stability, no permanency of possession of her properties. If services in a house of worship are suspended for six months, or if repairs are not duly made as the agent of the Government might judge, the Church loses the property. The income of the associations is limited to the barest necessities of public worship. They can neither receive nor hold funds for works of private or public charity. The allowances for priests, which were not gifts but payments for properties confiscated, have been withdrawn. It would not be difficult to obtain from the Church a renunciation of those allowances, but some sort of compensation ought to have been offered her. The State now becomes the absolute owner of all properties confiscated in 1789 and afterwards placed at the disposal of the bishops in 1801. Cathedrals and other churches may be used by the Church as a tenant-at-will; episcopal and parochial residences and seminary buildings are within two, or at the most five, years to be vacated by their present occupants and returned unreservedly to the State. This, the Archbishop declares, is confiscation of the blackest dye.

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The Attitude of the Church Under advice from the Pope, the bishops of France refused the associations offered by the law of separation. Her religious orders have been suppressed, the members scattered; French citizens are not allowed to live in religious communities; they cannot consecrate themselves to the solitude of the cloister, or even to works of charity in asylums, hospitals, or school-rooms. It became illegal for a priest to celebrate mass, "for Catholics to gather around the altar, for bishops to reside in their palaces, for students of theology to greet their teachers in the class-room." The Archbishop interprets this state of affairs as due largely to the hatred of religion in the minds of men who are governing France, and to the theory of the omnipotence of the State. The Catholic Church represents religion to France. The Archbishop quotes M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, as saying, "If God himself appeared before the multitude in palpable form, the first duty of men would be to refuse him obedience, to consider him, not a master to whom all should submit, but as an equal, with whom men may argue." Another member of the majority said, "The triumph of the Galilean has lasted twenty centuries, and it is now his turn to die." The Archbishop declares that the clergy are somewhat to blame. Too many of them have retained the spirit of passive obedience inherited from the old régime. They have never learned the virtues of public life; "saints before the altar, they are cowards before an electoral urn." The French Catholics, moreover, have been unfortunate in many of their leaders, who have been partisans of "buried political régimes." Monarchists are still numerous among the old nobility, and too many of the clergy still read their politics in Bossuet and Massillon. This is the weakness of French Catholics. No one understood France better than did Leo XIII., and he bade all Catholics seek the welfare of the country and of the Church, as loyal adherents of the Republic. Had he been listened to, "in all probability the religious persecution of the present day would not have come. Monarchical ideas and plottings have done dreadful injury to the Church in France."

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Madame Blanc By the death of Thérèse de Solms Blanc, better known by her pen-name "Th. Bentzon," France is the poorer. But, fortunately, her rare personality remains crystallized in all that her pen has left—novels, essays, books on education, books of criticism and travel. Her novels are too little known. They have singular strength, sweetness, and charm. "Tony," "Constance," and "Un Remords" are far beyond the average and were deservedly "crowned" by the French Academy, the highest honor to which a French writer can aspire. In Madame Blanc's essays we come in closer touch with her personality. Here we find a point of view, womanly in the best sense of the word, combined with convincing breadth and force. Most of her essays were published in the Revue des Deux Mondes. She owed the position which she held for many years on that foremost of French reviews to Comte d'Aure, her stepfather and equerry to Napoleon III. The Comte d'Aure introduced the young writer to George Sand, who in turn tried to interest Buloz, editor of the Revue, in her. Fortunately, Buloz saw one of the aspirant's stories in the Journal des Débats, and gave her the coveted place on the review. From it came the aid given to French education, sociology, and life by a series of papers which drew their inspiration quite as much from this country as from France. Madame Blanc's attention had always been drawn towards England and America. She was accustomed to say, "At the bottom of what I have done I find first of all my mother's influence, but this was combined with the influence which dear Miss Robertson, my English governess, gave me in inspiring simplicity and love of truth." She would add, "My interest in America dates from the day when Miss Robertson gave me one of Washington Irving's books to read." Perhaps her early marriage, the long absences of her husband, and the melting away of her fortune drew her attention more than it would otherwise have been drawn to the conditions of women's existence in France as compared with those in America. She early turned her attention to American authors, becoming especially interested in the stories of Sara Orne Jewett—and what stories are more peculiarly American? Her criticism of them drew from Miss Jewett a note of acknowledgment to the unknown "Th. Bentzon," a pseudonym taken by Madame Blanc from the family name of her grandmother. Thérèse Blanc visited America repeatedly. More than any American woman she studied, appreciated, and portrayed our country and its ideals, as any one may see who consults her "Choses et Gens d'Amérique," "Récits Américains," "Questions Américaines," "Femmes d'Amérique," and "Nouvelle France et Nouvelle Angleterre." The motive in all these books seems to be to show to French men and women the advantages of certain American social and educational customs and ideals. These volumes constitute quite as impressive a tribute in their way to our civilization as does Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Madame Blanc was a progressive in her religious as well as in her social opinions, and in the recent religious crises in France her broad-gauge views were especially evident. Herself a sincere Roman Catholic, she had long desired the separation of Church and State, so that the Church might attain its true spiritual strength. Thus in her every activity we have the example, first of all, of a great gentlewoman who had a genius for making friends and keeping them, of a philanthropist whose energies were bounded by no creed, and of a writer whose influence was constructive and elevating.

The Sage Foundation One of the most notable of recent events is the establishment by Mrs. Russell Sage of the Sage Foundation for the improvement of social and living conditions throughout the country. The generous endowment of ten million dollars, which puts this Foundation on a level in magnitude with the great educational foundations established by Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller, aims at the improvement of social and living conditions by means of research, publication, educational support and maintenance of charitable and beneficial activities, agencies, and institutions, and the giving of substantial aid to activities, agencies, and institutions already established. It is proposed by Mrs. Sage to investigate causes of evil social conditions and to suggest remedies and put into operation practical means of overcoming these evils. The Sage Foundation may establish new agencies or contribute to existing agencies, as the General Education Board creates its own agencies or aids existing educational institutions. It will aim to take up the larger and more difficult problems in such a way as will secure co-operation and aid in their solution. The Board of Trustees includes a group of men and women who combine in an unusual degree disinterestedness of spirit with practical knowledge of the problems with which this Foundation proposes to deal: Mr. Robert W. de Forest, Miss Helen Gould, Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, Miss Louisa L. Schuyler, Mrs. W. B. Rice, all of New York City, and Mr. John M. Glenn and Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, of Baltimore. Mrs. Sage, who is in vigorous health and intensely interested, will take part in the work which she has initiated. Mr. de Forest is reported as saying that there is no present intention of establishing new forms of charity; the income, which will be at least half a million a year, will be given to a great extent to existing charities, which will also be used as the work of investigation. It is too early to announce a definite programme, but the magnitude of the Foundation encourages the hope that it will not only reinforce existing methods of bettering social and vital conditions, but, by co-ordination and leadership, make possible a great advance in the field of practical altruism.

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The Lee Memorial At a meeting held recently in the Chamber of Commerce at Richmond, Virginia, the preliminary organization of the Lee Memorial Association was effected, and the form of the permanent memorial to General Lee was announced. The suggestion of President Roosevelt, embodied in his letter to the committee having charge of the Lee memorial meeting in Washington, had already been anticipated by Mrs. Minor, of Richmond, whose work in behalf of the memorial has been tireless. She proposed that the memorial should take the form of an endowment of a Chair of American History in Washington and Lee University. This suggestion was adopted by the University, and at the meeting in Richmond, President Denny, after a brief report of the preliminary steps, announced that it was proposed to raise the sum of $100,000, of which $25,000 is to be used in enlarging and beautifying the College Chapel, in a recess of which, behind the desk, the remains of General Lee repose under the strikingly beautiful reclining statue by Mr. Valentine, of Richmond; and $75,000 is to be set apart as the endowment of a Chair of American History, to be forever associated with General Lee's name and memory. It was pointed out that the part played by General Lee in some of the greatest events in American history, his noble service to education and to the young men of the South in the closing years of his life, and the inspiring quality of his nature and spirit, made this form of commemoration peculiarly fitting. The evident appropriateness of establishing the chair in the University which bears General Lee's name, and in which he served as President, was recognized from the beginning. It is a question whether a larger sum of money ought not to be raised. If the Chapel is to be made a permanent memorial of General Lee, in which articles of every kind associated with his personality and his career are to be gathered, the work ought to be done with monumental dignity and beauty, and in the endowment of professorships the increasing cost of living which is likely to come in the future must be taken into account. Addresses were made by the Governor of Virginia, by Dr. Denny, President of Washington and Lee University, by Mrs. Minor, from whom came the suggestion of a professorship of history, and by Mr. Mabie.

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Everett D. Burr The Outlook in the past few months has several times brought to the attention of its readers the admirable work of the Congo Reform Association. For accurate information upon the terrible conditions of slavery existing in the Congo and the movement in both Europe and the United States to remedy those conditions the public was greatly indebted to the painstaking labor and intelligent investigations of one of the most active representatives of the Association, the Rev. Everett D. Burr. Dr. Burr's recent accidental and violent death, which occurred mysteriously during a railway journey, has produced in the minds of his friends a shock from which it is hard to recover. The last three months of his life he made New York his center, throwing himself with characteristic ardor into the task of arousing and enlisting the intelligent sympathy of the American people on behalf of the oppressed natives of the Congo. Through pulpit, platform, press, correspondence, and personal visits, he engendered a popular agitation which at last made itself felt with telling effect in Washington. This is the way he occupied his vacation after an arduous pastorate of seven years at Newton Center. He began his career as pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church in Chicago. It was at Ruggles Street in Boston, however, that he first achieved distinction, not only as a preacher and pastor, but as philanthropist, in friendliest relation with Mr. D. S. Ford, the editor of the Youth's Companion, who made the Ruggles Street Church under Dr. Burr's charge a channel through which he expended approximately $40,000 a year in institutional work. Upon the death of Mr. Ford, he became pastor of the Baptist Church in Newton Center, a place of refined homes—a most attractive suburb of Boston. Here the Baptists have their oldest and best-equipped divinity school. The atmosphere of the town is saturated with intellectualism as well as a richly matured Christian consciousness. His purpose seemed to be to bring the want of the great adjacent city face to face with the material, mental, and moral wealth of this prosperous suburb. Social enthusiasm formed the very staple of his character. A strikingly handsome person, a genial disposition, a vibrant and well-trained voice both in singing and speaking, brilliant conversational powers, Christlike sympathy with every kind of suffering and oppression, considerable first-hand acquaintance with the science of sociology, a spirit essentially modern and perfectly attuned to the social compunction and compassion which constitute the tone of our time—all these combined to effect an equipment for social service which gave him peculiar distinction in his profession. While to the last he did not deviate from the essential faiths of the communion to which he belonged, the ethical and social side of Christianity appealed to him more profoundly than its doctrinal and ecclesiastical aspects. If public opinion in this country succeeds in stirring the Belgian authorities to creating any real and permanent reforms in the Congo, the result will be due in no small measure to Dr. Burr's own personal and arduous labors.

Milk for the City

The crusade for pure milk which two or three of the New York newspapers seem to have undertaken has not been altogether enlightened; but it has done some good in directing public attention to a matter literally of life and death. The notion that the city should guard its milk supply is of comparatively recent origin. At a public meeting conducted by the Section on Public Health of the New York Academy of Medicine last week Dr. L. Emmett Holt, one of the foremost American authorities on the hygienic care of children, reminded his hearers that thirty years ago milk was sold in bulk, ladled by drivers with dirty hands out of open cans in milk-wagons into receptacles left over night beside kitchen doors and exposed to dust and filth and germs; that till 1873 there was no inspection of milk in New York City, and that it was not till 1896 (scarcely more than ten years ago) that general inspection was established. Now milk is very generally sold in tightly closed bottles; city inspectors test the milk to discover and prevent adulteration, and examine railway stations and cars to see that the milk is kept not only clean, but, what is equally important, cold while it is in transit. Indeed, these inspectors invade counties outside the city, not only in the State, but in the four other States from which the milk supply of New York comes. These inspectors from the Health Department of the city of New York of course have no authority outside of the municipality; but their commands are obeyed "up the State," in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and even in Canada, for the dairyman knows that if he does not comply the city will shut his milk out from its market. So in a generation there has been a great advance in this department of preventive medicine. But more remains to be done. In the case of New York, which reaches out four hundred miles to get its milk, and receives it twenty-four to forty hours old and distributes it, not only to well-regulated households, but also to overheated, closely crowded, ill-ventilated tenements, the problem is a vast one. In cannot be solved in the cavalier fashion advocated by zealous newspapers, which would have the city save itself from germs by cooking practically its whole milk supply. Dr. Holt remarked that most of the milk used by children in the city was apparently either pasteurized or boiled; for when he and Dr. William H. Park desired to observe a number of children fed on raw milk they had great difficulty in finding them; the tenement-house mothers had been educated largely to boil or pasteurize the milk they feed to infants. The newspapers have emphasized much the danger of conveying tuberculosis, scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria, and even measles in milk. At that meeting it was made plain that measles is practically never thus conveyed, diphtheria very rarely, and the other three diseases to a very small degree. As Dr. Park, Director of the Research Laboratories of the New York City Department of Health, pointed out, the danger of conveying contagious diseases by milk has been grossly exaggerated by the press. The chief danger from milk is shown in the number of infants who die from those intestinal diseases grouped together under the common name of cholera infantum. And the mortality is due not only to polluted milk but also to ignorance in methods of feeding. Rochester (a small city compared to New York) has greatly reduced its death rate simply by securing a supply of fresh, pure milk and educating mothers in methods of feeding. New York can never get so fresh a supply. There the milk to be fed to infants, as distinguished from milk for general consumption, had better, perhaps, be pasteurized; but, more important still, there, as everywhere, it should be properly modified by the addition of cream, sugar of milk, lime-water, and so forth. For this purpose milk depots should be established where mothers could get the milk properly prepared in sealed nursing-bottles and receive instructions in caring for it and feeding it to their children. Instruction, too, in the utmost importance of breast feeding (for which there is no nearly adequate substitute) could be given at these various centers. Anything the city can do to promote the establishment of such depots it should do at once; for, as Dr. Goler, the health officer of Rochester, has said, if it is not the business of a city to protect the lives of its own people, it has no business at all.

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Insanity and Criminal Trials The much-advertised proceedings in the Thaw case give popular interest to a paper recently read at Bridgeport, Connecticut, by Dr. George Franklin Shiels, which we find in the Evening Transcript reprinted from the Medical Record. Dr. Shiels brings out clearly the difference between the medical and the legal definition of insanity; they are essentially different. He defines legal insanity in the following terms: "A man or woman is insane who does not know the difference between right and wrong in regard to any specific particular act, and who further does not know the consequences of committing such act." The insanity may be temporary, but it must be such as to render the person morally irresponsible for the act done. When a person is accused of a criminal act and is defended on the ground of his insanity, how is the law to determine whether he was morally responsible for his act or not? The present method appears to us, as it does to Dr. Shiels, very imperfect. The physician cannot apply the tests which he is accustomed to apply in dealing with questions of insanity, for the medical and legal definitions are not the same. Moreover, he is employed by the accused on the one hand, or by the State on the other, and is not likely to be impartial. "There are few men," says Dr. Shiels, "who, when employed in the interests of an individual or a corporation, can resist the tendency toward bias, and I have actually seen cases where such witnesses have sworn to opinions to which in their calmer moments, when free from bias, they could not have given their support." He naturally adds, "Were I a jury which had to consider such evidence, I should give it little or no weight." As a substitute for the present method, which allows the State to call one set of experts, the defense another set of experts, and the jury to decide between them, he proposes as an alternative method that, either each side select two experts, the four a fifth, and the five present their report, or that the matter be left entirely in the hands of the court to select the experts whose testimony shall be presented to the jury.

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An Honorable Action The Outlook two weeks ago reported the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case against Mr. George W. Perkins in which his act in contributing money of the New York Life Insurance Company to a Republican campaign fund was charged as larceny. The court held that the act did not come within this definition, as it lacked the element of felonious intent. Notwithstanding this decision, Mr. Perkins has repaid the amount involved, with interest (about $54,000), to the insurance company. In his letter accompanying the payment (after stating that the political contribution was made at the request of the President of the company and that the company later on reimbursed Mr. Perkins) he says:

> The payment was made without any thought on the part of the President or myself of personal advantage, but solely in the belief that it was for the best and broadest interests of the policy-holders, both at home and abroad. In dismissing the criminal proceedings instituted against me for accepting reimbursement, the courts have intimated that the payment, and therefore the reimbursement, was not for a proper corporate purpose.

It need not be pointed out that this repayment was voluntary and spontaneous, and that it was an act of scrupulous honor.

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Weighing the Soul

The report that certain physicians in Boston have discovered that the human soul weighs from half an ounce to an ounce has been received with incredulity in Europe, and has been spoken of with disrespect by certain American scientific authorities. The attempt to weigh the soul has been tried many times, but this is the first time, so far as we are aware, that definite results have been secured and the figure at which it turns the scale accurately registered. It will be impossible to settle this question by experiment in any single locality. The weight of a soul in Chicago, for instance, may be very much greater than the weight of a soul in Boston; in Paris, on the other hand, the opinion seems to prevail that the soul has no weight whatever. The Outlook suggests the endowment of a society for determining the weight of the soul in different parts of the world; first securing by scientific tests exact results, then providing for comparative studies, and finally for publication of theses. It may not be without significance that at the very time when Mrs. Eddy's reputation as a prophetess is suffering serious collapse, and long and oft-repeated exposures of spiritism have brought discredit on that ancient cult, Boston, which has been long one of the largest importing ports in the world in the matter of religions, has come to the rescue and put a solid foundation for all the various creeds, cults, and superstitions, which, as a leading Boston clergyman once declared, "flourished more abundantly and grew to ranker proportions on Columbus Avenue than in any other part of the world."

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Lenten Meditations

Deliver Us

After the acknowledgment of God's Kingdom, its preparation, coming, and perfection, after man has made profession of loyalty and confession of sin, he asks his Liege for strength greater than human, that there may be deliverance from evil.

This is the climax of the Lord's Prayer. If hunger for God is expressed in begging for forgiveness, it is more evident in the petition for deliverance. We pray not only for absolution from the past, but for exemption from the future. "O keep my soul and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in Thee." As David prayed, so we pray. How is the apparently infinite power of evil environment to be overcome save by a really infinite power of good? For, in the daily, hourly struggle with seemingly overmastering evil environment, a time comes when man's will and resource fail, when human science can do no more. Then men pray, and their prayer is no sign of weakness; it simply recognizes the existence of superhuman protection against evil.

"There is a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." It delivers us, not always from evils that may affect the body, but from all ill that may hurt the soul. It delivers us not from complexity or perplexity or discomfort or hardship. It delivers us from *the* evil—from the thing that is not Divine Character. It delivers us, pulls us out, draws us out, from *that* evil—sin. As an ancient liturgy has it, "Deliver us from the Evil One and his works, and from all his insults and contrivances, for the sake of Thy Holy Name, which we call upon to supply our insufficiency." Only God can deliver from sin. That is the clear vision of these Lenten days—

"His own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree"—the Christ "delivered for our offenses" on the cross. "Truly this was the Son of God." With this conviction comes the coincident conviction of His perfection and of our imperfection. And then comes the "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Not only in life but in death, God delivers us. A father walks at night through a deep wood with his little son. Suddenly the lad fancies that he sees a dread Shape ready to spring upon him. "O save me, father!" he cries, and the man holds the boy close, thrilled by the sense of fatherhood, as the other is by the sense of dependence and sonship. God will hold us close in that supreme moment which we call Death. God longs for the acknowledgment of man's dependence. And the man longs to cry to the Eternal Father, at least in that moment, even though there be "no language but a cry."

God delivers us at all times. Not only because we need deliverance, but because we bind ourselves anew to him every time we pray. And he to us, for deliverance comes *as* we pray. It may be the boy-cry of implicit trust, the arms stretched out as if to clasp a Shadow-God; it may be the man's deep, hoarse cry out of a life's heartaches, as "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." With such a prayer the heart empties itself. It can no more. There is silence. Now comes communion with God. Not our petition, but his answer. It binds us to him. A Voice speaks in the soul, whether we pray for deliverance from environment or from sin or from death: "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." "I will: be thou clean." "I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

When we reach the other life, and turn round to regard our course in this life, shall we not see ourselves perplexed, disheartened, tempted, affrighted beyond mere human endurance? But shall we not also see that a Deliverer was ever at our side?

Why do we not oftener cry, "Deliver us"? Only thus is there real communion with God.

The Railway Problem

We have received the following letter from Judge Potter, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Our readers will find on another page of this issue a report of the railway legislation of the various States to which he refers in his opening sentence.

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania,
Judges' Chambers.
Philadelphia, March 13, 1907.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I inclose clipping to show that the fact that the States have waked up to the duty of correcting corporate abuses within their borders is being pretty thoroughly appreciated. The Outlook did not seem to be very strong in the faith that the States were able to cope with the situation. It has rather sided with the President in his desire for Federal control. But the giant is now awake. The people everywhere are realizing that the way to exercise effective control is through their own State officials, who know the needs of the localities in which they dwell. The present experience ought to put an end to all talk about the inability of the States to regulate abuses.

The only fear now is that the regulation may be too severe.

The situation does call for great wisdom and moderation. But the people have learned the lesson that the power is within their own hands. No need exists to call upon the Federal Government to do that which the people in every State can do for themselves.

Very truly,
W. P. POTTER.

The recent railway legislation in the various States appears to us to confirm the necessity for Federal regulation. For what the country needs is a uniform and harmonious system of railway regulation, and we cannot think that this will be given by unsystematic and inharmonious legislation by the different States. We do not, however, propose here to reply to Judge Potter's letter, but only to use it as a text for a restatement of the positions of The Outlook on this subject.

When the President first proposed, over five years ago, a Federal supervision and regulation of railways, two objections were interposed: one, that the railway traffic should be left to be regulated by free competition, and that the enforcement of existing laws against combinations in restraint of trade was all that was necessary; second, that if any further regulation was necessary, it should be left to be effected by the States—for the Federal Government to undertake it was a usurpation of power. The answer to the first objection was that free competition might lower rates, but it could not equalize them; the answer to the second objection was that State action might correct specific wrongs, but it could never secure that uniformity which is essential to justice and equal rights.

Events have justified both answers. The action of the Federal Government in enforcing the law against combinations in restraint of trade has elicited from railway men a stronger expression of their always dormant conviction that unrestricted competition in railway traffic is injurious alike to railway and to shipper, that combination is essential alike to secure economical administration and rates that are just and equal. And the independent action within one year of thirteen States, attempting to deal with the railway problem and to regulate passenger fares, as reported on another page, appears from current newspaper reports to be leading them to the conviction that State regulation is far and away more disastrous to railway interests than Federal regulation would be. What the country wants, and has all along wanted, is not lower rates but equal rights. The railways also need equal rights. Neither free competition nor State regulation can secure these rights to either the railways or the public. We hope that the promised but delayed visit of certain of the leading railway presidents to the President of the United States may yet be realized; it would be a first and a very important step toward a recognition of the principle that the interests of the railways and the interests of the people are not antagonistic, and that the way to secure both is not by battle, nor yet compromise, but by mutual understanding and agreement.

Two principles must underlie any such agreement:

I. What is needed is not unregulated competition but regulated combination.

II. This cannot be secured by the States; it must be secured by the Federal Government.

The Constitution of the United States and the decisions of the Supreme Court thereon make the way perfectly clear for building up a new and harmonious railway policy based on these two principles. The Constitution gives to the Federal Government jurisdiction over inter-State commerce. This is an exclusive jurisdiction. All questions directly affecting inter-State commerce are taken out of the power of the States and given over to the Federal Government. In the words of Judge Bradley, of the Supreme Court, "In the matters of foreign and inter-State commerce there are no States." The Federal Government can charter corporations to carry on this commerce. It can determine the conditions in which and the instruments by which such inter-State commerce may be carried on. Thus much the Supreme Court has decided to be the law of the land. And this furnishes a basis on which the railway presidents acting for investors and Congress acting for the general public can co-operate in securing equal rights both for the public and the investors. We venture here to outline such a system.

Let Congress charter the railway corporations engaged in inter-State commerce. The law might forbid any corporation not chartered by the Federal Government from engaging in such commerce, exactly as it forbids any foreign-built ship from engaging in coastwise commerce. But this would probably not be necessary. The great trunk lines would probably welcome Federal incorporation. The smaller lines would then be compelled by self-interest to follow suit. These National corporations, like the National banks, would be subject to Federal inspection. Such inspection would put an end to such stock-jobbing operations as Mr. Harriman recently described in his testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. What injury such operations inflict on the general public is illustrated by the recent fall in stocks of all descriptions. Such National corporations, created and empowered by the Federal Government to carry on a work placed by the Constitution under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government, would be exempt from vexatious legislation by the States. The great trunk lines would have one government, not forty-seven governments, to deal with. Local and suburban travel might still be subject to local regulation, but to none inconsistent with Federal authority and the power which Federal authority had conferred. The railways, being thus under one governmental authority and subject to one governmental supervision, should be not forbidden but encouraged to combine. Pooling should be not prohibited but promoted. The railways should be invited to co-operate in determining rates as they now co-operate in determining time-tables. And the public would be adequately protected by having all rates agreed upon by such combinations subject to supervision and revision by the Federal Government acting through some bureau or department organized for that purpose.

Fifty years ago the currency of the country was furnished by private banks, chartered by the State and subject only to State supervision and regulation. As a consequence, no man knew what the bills in his pocket were worth unless he also carried in his pocket a Bank Note Detective, published monthly for the purpose of giving the information. Then the Federal Government undertook to charter National banks. They remained State banks in this, that each bank was administered by and served the interests of the citizens of the State in which it was located; but, being subject to National inspection, supervision, and control, a National security was furnished, not only for the currency which they issued, but for their depositors and stockholders as well. What the wit of man devised for our banking interests the wit of man ought to be able to devise for our transportation interests.

What the Nation wants is a railway system which will combine the energy and capital of private enterprise with the harmony and stability of a National organization. No change in the Constitution of the United States and none in the course and tendency of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States is needed for that purpose. The history of our National banking system indicates how such a combination can be secured under the Constitution as it is interpreted by the Supreme Court. All that is necessary is, first, a frank recognition of the truth that America needs, not unregulated competition, but regulated combination, and that the Federal Government is the organization to secure it; and, second, an intelligent and sincere co-operation between the representatives of the railways and the representatives of the Government. Such co-operation, if it could be secured, would afford a welcome augury of a future railway system which would give security to the investor, safety to the traveling public, and just and equal rates to all shippers, large and small.

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Art and Democracy

Mr. Ernest Poole's description of the educational work carried on by the Chicago Art Institute under the direction of Mr. French, which appears on another page, is significant of the broadening of the influence of collections of pictures and schools of art, and of the hunger and thirst of hosts of people who have been denied the opportunities of art education in any form, but are eager for access to great works of art. Formerly a collection of pictures or statues, in this country at least, was regarded as the luxury of a few rich or cultivated people, and as having very slight connection with popular life. Art was appreciated by many; but its significance as an expression of racial character or national aims or as a resource in the daily life of the people was not understood. Mr. Poole's article records a radical change of attitude. It is one of inspiration and of pathos. It shows at once how great is the longing for beauty among hosts of uneducated Americans, and how unconscious of its appeal and ignorant of its language are those other Americans who think that the end of living and of its activities is covered by the one word business.

In the rushing life of Chicago, the typical city of American energy and audacious activity, the Art Institute stands at a strategic point, and testifies, in the face of the most impressive material achievements, to the richness of life and to the reality of the higher aspirations. One who approaches the city from the Lake finds this low but stately building in a place where the Custom-house usually stands, while behind it rise great commercial structures which overtop it by twenty stories. If the newcomer judges by appearance, he will promptly rush to the conclusion that the business buildings stand for Chicago, and that the Institute is an exotic; but if he applies a spiritual instead of a material scale of values, he will understand that the symmetry, dignity, and detachment of the Institute embody the higher possibilities of the city, and meet the cravings of the American spirit as the great business structures behind it do not and cannot. Men never have lived by bread alone and never will, however they may endeavor at times to content themselves with the substance of the fields instead of with the Word of God, which is the soul, not only of all righteousness, but of all beauty, and is the inspiration of the higher interests of mankind.

It is the tendency of all professions involving skill to emphasize the technical elements over the vital, and to regard a special form of expression of the human spirit as more important than the life which it interprets. Art is often spoken of and widely regarded as the possession of a cult, the interest of a few, the practice of a little group of trained men and women. As a matter of fact, great art has never been produced except as the expression of a vital need and a vital love. In this sense art is fundamentally democratic. Its fertility depends, not on the appearance of a few men of gift, but on the penetration of the people at large with the passion for beauty. When Michelangelo declared that the best judgment of a statue was the judgment of the public square, he was speaking of a people who knew by instinct, by the cravings of their natures, trained and developed by familiarity with the best examples, the difference between good and bad work in marble. Art on a great scale has come everywhere only as it came in Athens, and later in Florence, and still later in Holland, because of the vitality, searching energy, and passion for life which made those communities powerful in dealing with practical affairs. The Greek was not only an artist, but he was the shrewdest trader of antiquity; the Venetian not only expressed his civic life in the noblest terms of beauty, dressed it more magnificently than the life of any court, but he was also master of the trade of the East and anchored his ships in front of his palaces; the Dutch not only painted the most masterly portraits and conveyed the charm of atmosphere and light with unsurpassed power, but built their country out of the sea, made themselves the foremost merchants of their time, and battled for freedom with a dogged persistence and a heroic patience which put the little country in the center of the stage of human action for a century. Great art does not begin in the genius of a few gifted men; it begins at the very roots of the consciousness of great populations.

It is when the love of the beautiful and the passion for its expression are diffused through a people that men of genius are stimulated and inspired, their imaginations liberated, and their power evoked by the warmth of the atmosphere about them. The Japanese are the most artistic people of the day, not because a few men of genius are painting great pictures, but because the whole life of Japan is touched with beauty and penetrated by the artistic sense. If one wishes to understand why Japanese art has attained so marvelously delicate and subtle a touch, he will find it revealed in the Japanese collections in the Boston Museum of Art, where the domestic utensils in common use in the kitchen display a feeling for beauty, a freshness of invention and form, an individuality of taste, which betray the presence of a well-nigh universal love of the beautiful. The cathedrals which register one of the most magnificent movements of the artistic spirit were not built because a few great architects appeared, but because deep in the heart of the age were the passion of devotion and the passion for beauty of structure and form; so that these noble structures are imperishable records of a great popular movement.

Mr. Poole's story of the Art Institute

of Chicago does not attempt to describe the breadth of the work of technical instruction which is being carried on under its roof; but it does describe the broader work of education which makes it, in certain respects, the foremost institution in one of the greatest of American cities—a popular school for the whole Central West, a perpetual protest against absorption in material affairs, a visible registry of the spiritual scale of values, and, above all, a potent and eloquent teacher of the higher things of life to a struggling, working, and eager democracy.

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The Future Life
Some Misconceptions

If the silence concerning the form and manner, the occupations and conditions, of the heavenly life which the New Testament maintains had been preserved, or if the symbolism which it occasionally uses as suggestion had never been misunderstood as description, it would have been easier to think of the world to come naturally and simply. A vast amount of irrational and misleading imagery, an artificial and arbitrary projection of the order and method of this present life into the future, obstruct the thought which ought to lie within the vision of faith, not definite and formal, but beautiful as the mountains that rise against a remote horizon; substantial as the earth, but covered as with a veil.

The Bible has suffered far more from the literalists who read its sublimest imagery without a touch of imagination and interpret its parables and idyls as if they were bare records of fact, than from those who have tried to destroy its authority by attacking its accuracy of statement. St. Paul, who was a poet in an age of dialectical skill, has been the victim of a great injustice at the hands of those who have endeavored to run his free, rich, imaginative thought into the molds of formal logic; but St. John, the beloved disciple, to whom the heaven within interpreted the heaven above, has suffered most from those who have essayed to explain a book compact of imagination as if it were a kind of celestial Baedeker. To read the Book of Revelation as description is to build up in the mind an ideal of heaven constructed of the most brilliant, hard, dead substances of earth; to visualize the most free, creative, vital, growing life of the spirit in gold, silver, precious stones, buttressed by walls and behind gates. The tired man or woman, longing for rest and quiet and eager with desire for the silence and sweetness of God's woods and fields, for the great sweep of his sky and the music of running waters which sing his praises in the quiet places of the meadows, instinctively turns away from the picture of the great, splendid city into which St. John's symbolism has been transmuted by unimaginative commentators. The heaven that rose before St. John could not be described; he could convey the glory of it only by symbols; and the inspiring and consoling revelation made to him has, by the transformation wrought by honest but uncomprehending students, hardened into the picture of a city as far removed from the longings and needs of the human soul in its hours of trial and loneliness as are gold and precious stones from those who cry out for food and drink.

Still more misleading and mischievous has been the conception of heaven as the court of the King of kings, ruling in the isolation and surrounded by the pageantry of an absolute monarch. For many decades theology has been gradually emancipating itself from the conception of God which took shape in a society organized into empires and governed by irresponsible rulers removed by a deep chasm from their highest subjects. It was natural that men who were accustomed to think of all political and social order in terms of absolute monarchy should think of the Almighty in the same terms immeasurably heightened. In their experience the king obeyed no law but his own will, and was surrounded by courts whose chief function was to make abject service splendid with form and ceremony, and to symbolize and glorify authority by surrounding it with pomp and magnificence. Nothing could be more artificial, arbitrary, unnatural, than life in attendance on rulers in whose breath were life and death, whose smile was fortune and whose frown was exile. The projection of the order of early society into the life of the world to come intensified the stateliness, rigidity, and frigid magnificence of Oriental courts, and made heaven a place of ranks and orders and crushing formalism of worship. Nothing could have been further removed from the vitality, reality, simplicity, radiant and penetrating love of the New Testament conception of life in the presence of a Father, the immovable foundations of whose power were set in the depths of fathomless love, than this strange transfer to the freedom of heaven of the forms and symbols of the servitude of earth. No one can approach the true idea of heaven until he has put away all the ideas and imagery of irresponsible power and Oriental courts.

Quite as misleading and much more widely diffused is the conception of heaven in terms of ecclesiastical habit, manner, dress, and occupation. These forms and fashions of the external ordering of religion are the stamp of its limitation in time and place, its conformity to the taste or craving of localities or groups of people, its adaptations to circumstance and condition. They are the signs and symbols of religion as a profession; heaven is the consummation of religion as a life. We are so accustomed to our various forms of worship, to the language of our theologies, to the imagery of many of our hymns, to the architecture of our churches, to the dress of our ministers, to all the externalities of religion as a vocation, that these passing things take on permanence, and shape and tinge our thoughts of the heavenly life. A great preacher said not many years ago that the popular idea of God seemed to be that of a gigantic clergyman. Many a boy has struggled for years to rid himself, when he thought of the Father in heaven, of a great, solemn, remote figure, utterly unlike the love in his mother's heart or the tender companionship of his father.

We have come also to identify the highest types of spiritual attainment with certain fixed types of character and vocation, and to think of sainthood as a kind of unnatural goodness. Mr. C. E. Benson, who has written of religion with insight and in a natural tone, says:

> I think it is a misfortune of our mundane religious system that we grow to imagine that persons of an ecclesiastical type of sanctity, of a certain definite species of piety, are dearer and nearer to God than secular persons. It is, indeed, sometimes so; the virtues of generosity, ardor, sympathy, loving-kindness, do, indeed, often blossom and bear fruit in ecclesiastical persons; but such persons have no monopoly of these qualities. And there are also faults of the ecclesiastical temperament, such as spiritual complacency, narrowness of judgment, a tendency to condemn all whose beliefs deviate from their own—such faults, indeed, as are patently displayed in the lives of typical priests, men of great personal purity combined with a really appalling uncharitableness, faults which one cannot help feeling, if one reads the Gospel candidly, are far more repugnant, if one may use the words, to the spirit of Christ than even more gross sins. A man of base animal appetites may be converted, may grow to be ashamed of his sensuality, but a self-satisfied man, who is perfectly assured that he can interpret correctly the mind of God, can hardly be converted by any agency whatever.

To get comfort and inspiration from the thought of the life to come we must rid it of all these misleading preconceptions, these inadequate material images, these signs and symbols of our attempts to give the "life of God in the soul of man" expression in the dialect of localities or the *patois* of sects. No projection of the conditions of the life that now is into that which is to come can do any more than confuse and mislead us. Our highest vision of love, our deepest insight into purity, our widest conception of life and growth, our divinest passion for perfection, our most joyful sense of freedom, our keenest delight in the play of thought, imagination, humor, our sweetest affections and most ardent service—it is these that lead the way to heaven and suggest its radiant happiness, its inexhaustible interest, its limitless growth, its perfect content in His presence who gave His children the gift of beauty as well as of righteousness; of variety, freedom, and gayety, as well as of purity, service, sacrifice; who gives them at last the liberty of a home, not the rigid order and repression of a court.

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE JAPANESE

BY ALICE M. BACON

We take pleasure in printing the following article, called out by "The Japanese from a Woman's Point of View" (The Outlook for March 2). Few recent articles in The Outlook have more thoroughly interested its readers, as has been shown in many ways. Miss Bacon, who differs here courteously in some points from "Observer," is widely known as the author of "Japanese Girls and Women," which has been generally recognized as the best popular book on this subject.—THE EDITORS.

IF an understanding of the Japanese were not just at this moment a matter of almost vital importance to us in America, it would not seem quite gracious to so modest and entertaining a writer as "Observer" to meet her effort with even the best-intentioned criticism. If it did not contain so many natural and therefore popular misconceptions of Japanese character, which have spread from the treaty ports to San Francisco, from San Francisco along the Pacific Slope, and which now threaten to infect the whole Union and our future relations with our nearest trans-Pacific neighbor, I should be inclined to leave the truth to make its own way sometime in the "eternal years of God." But inasmuch as the impressions set down by your "Observer" and indorsed by your editorial note will go into a large proportion of the intelligent Christian homes of our land, I cannot but be moved to follow them, and try to interpret from another point of view, closer and more intimate, the hieroglyphics which present so insurmountable an obstacle to many Americans in Japan.

Much of the article is devoted to describing the irritation of the American over the Japanese disregard of time. The rush of American life, governed by the clang of trolley-cars, the hoot of locomotives, the click of typewriters and telegraph instruments, the tinkle of telephones, the buying and selling of choice bits of time by the day, the hour, the minute even, has got on to the nerves of the American woman. She is continually on the jump, rushing from one engagement to another, important or unimportant as the case may be, unhappy unless she is in a hurry, worried if ever so small a fragment of her precious time is left unoccupied. Take her across the Pacific, set her down in the heart of Tokyo, and unless she stays long enough to get the rush and hustle of America out of her nerves she will be irritated beyond endurance.

No Japanese has any idea of buying and selling time. No Japanese can be made to feel that some one else's apparently unreasonable haste should affect his nerves. When you hire your servants, you do not hire their time. You hire their service. What you want done they will do to the best of their ability, and many things that are not "so nominated in the bond" will be done from a conscientious regard for the duty that such service involves; but their time is their own, and unless some convincing reason for hurry is given, no hurry can be had by the employer. This is especially the case in the relations of Japanese servants with foreign employers, for the Japanese, of whatever grade in life, marking the foreigner's display of emotion without apparent provocation, is apt to discount it. He regards his employer as a child, lacking in wisdom as in self-control, and pays little attention to his moods.

In Japanese service the servant is the humble friend of the family. He knows the family affairs, and interests himself in them. His advice is often asked and taken. He doesn't have to be told to hurry. Of course he hurries when there is need. But his hurry, like his service in all respects, is his own choice and for the seen good of his employer. He is not a horse to be driven, now faster by a stroke of the whip, now slower by a pull on the rein; his service is more like that of the dog, who knows and loves and follows, watches over and defends his master, and hurries when he hurries. This is the ideal. How far it is from the reality we, who sometimes fail to reach our own ideals, may know; but perhaps it will help to explain the anomalies which strike the foreigner in his Japanese servants.

Perhaps the average resident in Japan has never discovered that blind, unreasoning obedience is not regarded as a virtue by the Japanese. It is in no way related to the ideal of service. No man puts his will and conscience in another's keeping. Each man must obey his reason, not his superior; and the superior can maintain his authority only by convincing those beneath him of his superior reason. In Japanese schools, unless a teacher can keep the obedience and respect of his students by his own personality, he cannot hold his place. Any appeal to higher authority for support in discipline would lower the teacher in the eyes of all. If he cannot convince the boys of the wisdom of good behavior, he is not the man for the place.

I asked one of the Japanese Admirals not long ago why it was that Japanese respected the authority of their own countrymen but were so difficult for foreigners to manage. He smiled pleasantly—he had lived much in foreign countries—as he answered, "We always try to let our men understand that what we want is just. If they feel that, they will do it." This seems to be the limit of authority throughout the country, but within this limit has been evolved not only a population as quiet, as orderly, and as well governed as there is on the earth to-day, but a fighting machine the most efficient in every detail that the world has ever seen.

Two charges are brought against Japanese servants that it is worth while to investigate a little. "The servant who always cheerfully replies 'Yes, madam,' when he ought to say 'No, madam,' does so with polite intent and not at all meaning to annoy or deceive you." This sentence cannot fail to bring to the mind of any one who has employed Japanese service hundreds of times when, stammering and confused, your servant has answered Yes to some question and then quickly changed it to No, and so back and forth with bewildering changes of base, until you made up your mind that the truth was not in him. It is only a difference in the idiom of the two languages that has done so much to defame the character of Japanese servants. The foreign employer seldom knows that assent to a negative question confirms the negative—really a more logical idiom than our own, in which an assent means not, "Yes, I didn't," but "Yes, I did." You come home some day and ask your boy, "Didn't you shake my rugs this morning?" He blandly replies, "Yes, madam," and half an hour after you see him shaking them. He would willingly have said, "No, madam," had he understood that No meant Yes in that connection.

If you want to get answers that you can understand, ask no negative questions of your Japanese servants. No matter how well versed they may be in English, that particular idiom remains confusing to the end.

"The cook who makes a per cent. on all food bought has no idea of being dishonest, either in the money taken or in wasting his employer's time in spending all between-whiles in bargaining."

There are two important errors in this sentence. One is in the supposition that the cook's time belongs to his employer. As I have already shown, the servant sells his service, not his time. Any time taken for that service is not his employer's but his own, and if he performs the service satisfactorily it is no one's business but his own how much or how little time he takes about it.

But the more important error lies in the supposition that the cook's percentage is his employer's loss, and therefore dishonest. For generations the trade of Japan has been upon its own peculiar basis—a basis mediæval and feudal in its character. Prices have been set, not in accordance with the economic law of supply and demand, but in accordance with the rank or wealth of the purchaser. The merchant did not feel that it was honest to charge the same price to poor and rich alike. The foreigner (presumably rich beyond the dreams of avarice), like the Japanese noble, can make no purchases at shops run on the old Japanese plan without paying a price that will more than cover his cook's percentage. No well-to-do Japanese lady would think of going to market herself. She knows that she would be expected to pay much more than the cook would ask her for the same thing. It would be an expensive economy for any housekeeper to do her own marketing for the sake of saving the cook's percentage.

Buying in quantity never reduces prices. The more you want of anything, especially of such luxuries as are necessities to the extravagant foreigner, the more certain it is that you are rich and can afford to pay well for it. This is, possibly, unjust to the rich, but the Japanese argument that our way is unjust to the poor also has its merits. When you think of our own tenement-house population paying for coal and ice and groceries twenty to thirty per cent. more than our millionaires, there seems a shade of reason and justice and humanity in the Japanese system of distribution. Your cook's percentage merely splits the difference between what he would have to pay were he buying for himself and what you would have to pay if you did your own buying, and you and he are both the gainers. Yon may even be certain that the old lady who grubs up weeds is getting better pay from you, even with the boy's fee taken out, than she could get elsewhere with no fees to pay.

Did your "Observer" know, when she asked the surgeon if she might "once in a while" change the folding of the bandages on which she was working, that they were to be used on the battlefield, by the wounded soldiers themselves? When a man is bleeding to death, working, perhaps, with one hand, blinded, possibly, by a bullet, he has no time to explore for the flap and see whether it is "top-side or under-side." Every soldier was shown exactly how to open and use his first-aid bandage, and many lives were saved by that knowledge and by the "exact uniformity" which seemed so unnecessary to the questioning foreigner.

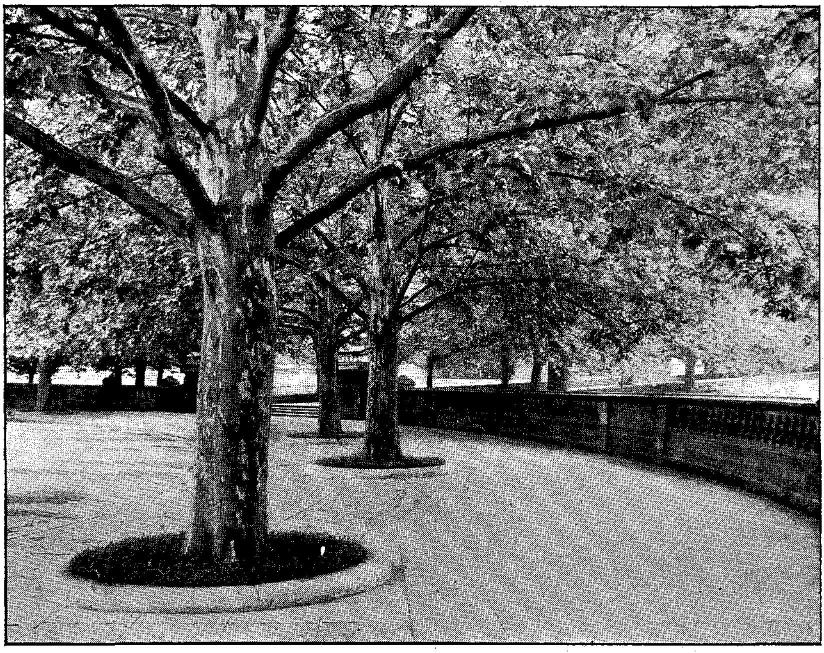
Of the Japanese understanding of Christianity, your writer was wiser in saying, "He may become a good Japanese Christian, but not a British or American one," than in her previous sweeping skepticism as to whether "any Japanese convert to Christianity ever understands his new belief any better than the policeman understood the law for bathing-clothes." The examples she cites of Japanese who have tried to follow the customs of American Christians without understanding the spirit are hardly sufficient to use as a basis for so wide a generalization. That the Japanese seldom understand or are successful in imitating the Christianity of America and England is possibly true. Now, as in St. Paul's time, "the letter killeth." But they are yearly growing into a more complete understanding of the Christianity of Christ. Even thus, from St. Paul's time on, "the spirit quickeneth." That they may some day be able to give us a new and better understanding of Christ's life and teaching, I, personally, see every reason to hope.

Does it seem strange to any one that the Japanese gentlemen and ladies whom one meets in the diplomatic society of Tokyo do not at once proceed to confidences with the foreigners next to whom they sit at dinner? Can "warm-hearted responsiveness" be expected from men who know that those to whom they are speaking will never go even half-way to meet them? When Japanese come to America, they try to do as Americans do. They learn the language, study the customs and history, eat the food and wear the clothing of the country in which they live. When foreigners go to Japan, they measure all things by their own habits and customs. They find fault with the Japanese who do not learn English as "stupid," and patronize those who do because they do not speak it like their mother tongue. They make no study of the history or thoughts or customs of the people, and secure no basis for conversation other than the merest society talk, and then complain that the Japanese lack "warm-hearted responsiveness." If we had taken one-quarter of the pains to understand the Japanese that they have taken to understand us, we should to-day be friends, not simply in a diplomatic sense, but in mutual confidence brought about by sympathy and good feeling.

THE GLORY of the CITIES

BY J. HORACE McFARLAND

I—WASHINGTON



THAT the 91,243 trees which line the broad highways of the Nation's capital city provide for it an unusual glory of greenery in summer and of symmetrical twig tracery in winter is due to the intelligent method which, under municipal and not individual control, has adorned one wide avenue with spreading elms, another with sturdy oaks or with rounded lindens, while sugar maples, Japanese gingkos, or European sycamores, each alone in beauty, possess the narrower streets.

"IT is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions. . . . Spacious avenues that begin in nothing, and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—are its leading features. . . . Such as it is, it is likely to remain. . . . Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there."

Thus pessimistically wrote Charles Dickens in 1842. He saw no glory in Washington, surely!

Now, however, with the Magnificent Intentions so considerably realized; with the spacious avenues beginning at points of architectural grandeur and leading along lines of beauty to other points of grandeur; with the mile-long streets stretched to four or five times his minimum, and lined with houses along smoothly paved roads, shaded by a very forest of trees; with public buildings of majestic size for housing the 25,000 persons who here do service for 80,000,000 of the public; with monumental ornaments ornamenting monumental thoroughfares, the great Englishman, could he write another series of "American Notes," would see in Washington these same leading features, but glorified, and in process of making the new world's capital the most beautiful abode of government in all civilization.

But what is the glory of Washington?

A MAJESTIC ENGLISH ELM EMPHASIZES THE GRACEFUL DIGNITY OF THE CAPITOL DOME or, rather, what are its glories? For no candid study of the city will leave the inquirer in condition easily to focus his impressions upon any one of its many interesting features as supremely best.

If there is a chief glory of the city Washington, it must be the memory of the man Washington who conceived it, and whose prophetic vision could not only plan a dignified and adequate seat of government for the Nation that he had fathered, but could, with the practical eye of the trained engineer and the rare skill of the landscape architect, so locate and outline that capital city that, a hundred years later, the best talent of the Nation, when called in consultation, could only confirm his plans, and recommend their restoration where intervening carelessness had permitted departures.

For, be it known, it was President Washington who planned the city. Major Peter Charles L'Enfant was his intelligent assistant, and the capable working out, by this French engineer and Andrew Ellicott, his associate, of the great American's ideas has given to both deserved fame. Yet it was Washington who conceived for his new-born country the first plan ever drawn for a capital city of a great nation; who provided then for the governmental needs of a hundred millions of people while yet the United States could muster barely four and a half millions, dwelling in a mere fringe along the Atlantic. It was Washington's genius which, "with the spiritual vision of the seer and the scientific skill of the surveyor, fixed upon the most strategic and beautiful site in all the hundred-mile stretch of the Potomac where he was to choose," as Commissioner Macfarland puts it.

Other great capitals have grown into beauty more or less incidentally, and there is extant an impression that the plan of Paris, then a city of 600,000 inhabitants, gave the keynote for the plan of the new city upon the Potomac. Yet Paris owes its present beauty and its present city plan largely to the work done under Louis Napoleon, nearly fifty years after the death of Washington, who had not only thus early settled the unique plan of what he called "The Federal City," but had secured for it the land of the District of Columbia (mostly free of cost, by his personal influence and solicitation), and built the old Capitol, the President's House, and other structures.

Indeed, Paris may well have profited in 1850–59 by Washington's prescience, but, as well stated by Glenn Brown, it is an incontrovertible fact that "the unique and distinctive feature of Washington, its numerous focal points of interest and beauty from which radiate the principal streets and avenues, was not suggested by any city of Europe."

As Thomas Jefferson was intensely interested in founding the federal city, rendering to his great associate invaluable aid, and as James Madison also devoted his great influence and ability to the same work, it will be seen that the capital city wears a chaplet of glory in the names of its founders and supporters. Small wonder is it that, after visiting and critically considering the great civic works of Europe, as found in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Budapest, Frankfort, and Berlin, the eminent Commission appointed in 1901, including Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Charles F. McKim, and Augustus St. Gaudens, should seek only to restore and develop the original designs of President Washington and Major L'Enfant! This able Commission, serving in an admirable spirit of high National pride, without compensation, had before them the best city plan ever devised, a model for all the world, and indeed a glory of Washington.

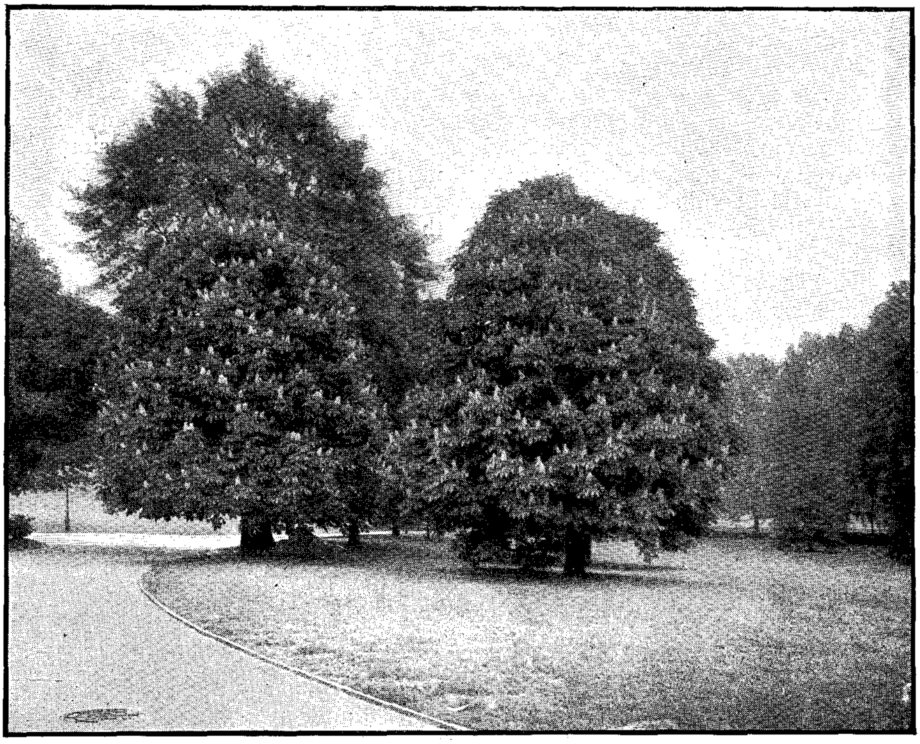
With all this advantage of its incomparable plan, Washington did not—indeed, could not—rapidly develop into beauty. The Nation was weak; not all its statesmen saw beyond the moment, and the capital city, ravaged by fire during the War of 1812 (when the President's house first became the "White House" by reason of the white paint applied to cover the marks of the conflagration), fully deserved the sarcastic comments made by Dickens in 1842. The original plan was forgotten, the great Mall was invaded by business buildings and by a railway, and only the superb Capitol itself, hemmed in by disgraceful conditions, gave hope and promise. Then came the beginning of the revulsion, under President Grant, when Alexander R. Shepherd, a man with determination and imagination, began to work toward the execution of the first President's plans. Checked he was; yet there was progress, until now, with the pride of the Nation in its capital city, increasing as each man becomes a better citizen by seeing the physical home of his Government, the way seems almost clear for the completion of the city beautiful, the city that must have been to Washington a dream of faith and hope when he fought through its place on the map.

No intelligent American walks the streets or gazes at the buildings of the Nation's capital without a swelling of National pride, and a better realization of the value of his citizenship. For Washington alone, of all the cities on the earth, belongs to all the people of a great Nation, and not merely to its inhabitants or to a ruler. Through his chosen representatives in Congress each American voter has an equal share in the actual detail of its government; for, again, Washington alone of American cities is governed, not by its residents, but by the National Legislature.

Its residents do not have the franchise, though they are taxed five millions a year, which covers half the cost of maintaining the city, the other five millions being the share assumed by the General Government. As "Uncle Sam" owns more than half the land in the District of Columbia, upon which he pays no taxes directly, and as he controls all the expenditures and appropriates the whole ten millions as he—the Congress—sees fit, it will be noted that he—that is, "we the people"—has a good thing of the partnership which has prevailed since 1878. In addition the Government gets the water it uses distributed by the city free.

Now some one will exclaim, as I did promptly, that "taxation without representation is tyranny," and that it is a shame and not a glory that citizens of Washington do not vote. But *they* do not think so!

When I asked the able head of the District Commission, the Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, what he considered a



LIKE ARBOREAL CANDELABRA ARE THE HORSE-CHESTNUT TREES WHEN IN BLOOM glory of the city he loves and for which he labors unceasingly, his reply was illuminating—and surprising:

"Washington, without the suffrage, is proud of its active civic spirit, constantly manifested through more than a score of actively maintained citizens' organizations, as well as through letters and public hearings. With no partisan politics, it has no graft in its administration, and real government by public opinion. Having no specific civil service law, it is nevertheless under the merit system.

"Washington is proud of its people—its law-abiding, Sunday-keeping people, of an unusual degree of intelligence. Office-holders? Yes, we have twenty-five thousand of them in service, making, with their families, less than one-fourth of our population. They are a welcome addition to our wholesome society, for they are inevitably selected people, and make good citizens.

"Don't sympathize with Washington for lacking the voting franchise. Your vote gives you a restricted expression once or twice a year, but our active citizens express themselves continually, to the Congressional committees on the District of Columbia, and to the Commissioners. And they are heeded, too!

"A few days ago a public hearing was arranged upon the question of obtaining 75-cent illuminating gas. More than a hundred citizens were there, and they freely expressed themselves, pro and con. Do you do better than that in your partisan-governed, suffrage-using cities?"

I began to think less of my boasted privilege of voting, often without real civic expression, for candidates selected under a plan which might often be called the *de*merit system! But the Commissioner went on:

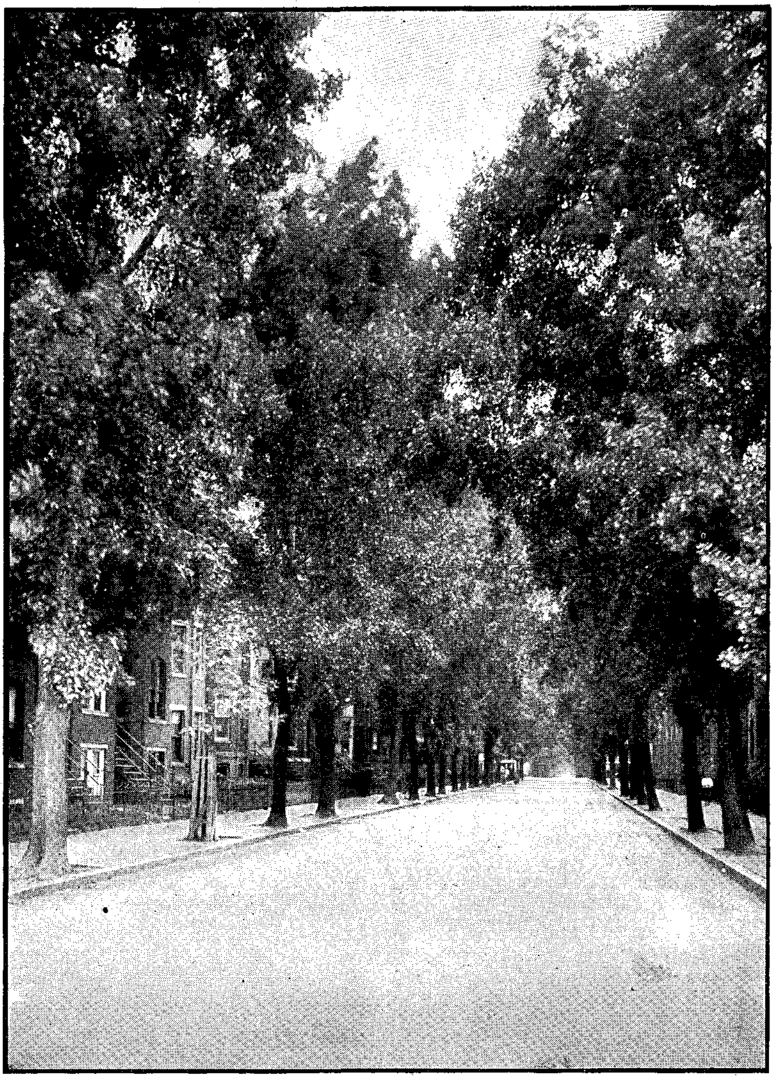
"Washington is proud, too, of her society, of the opportunities for mental, moral, and social uplift open to any respectable person who becomes resident here. Not very long since, at a dinner, but one of several on the same evening, I met six gentlemen who had seen Daniel Webster, two of them having heard him speak. I do not name these gentlemen, but their presence together upon any occasion in the city of

THE AMERICAN LINDEN GRACES MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
In the distance Thomas Circle is seen

New York would have been a matter of special note. Here it was merely incidental. In our halls great men from all the world are constantly addressing the public; in our churches eminent divines are constantly heard. All nations send here their learned men, their scientists, their inventors—we have more scientists at work here than are in any other city. The inevitable association, the opportunities for the mentally alert, are stimulating and uplifting.

"The smart set? Certainly, it is here, as it is in New York, Boston, Chicago; but its importance is less, its influence smaller, than anywhere else, for the reasons I have given."

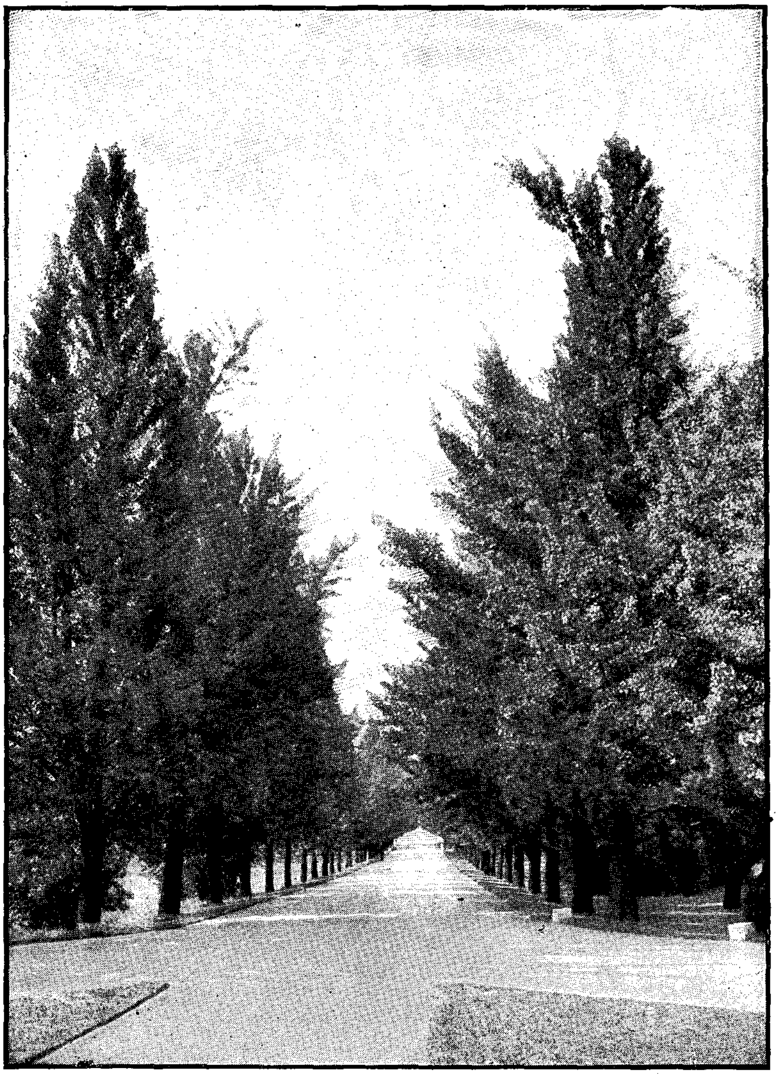
And then the Commissioner's eye kindled again as he returned to that attribute of Washington of which he had written and spoken so often and so well: "I used to hope that Washington would become the most beautiful city in the world, but I now believe it is already so. I have seen Paris, and I no longer yield to it superiority. And as we proceed with the execution of Washington's marvelous conception we will inspire all



POPLAR TREES ON T STREET, N. W.

the world with the harmony and beauty, the convenience and comfort, as well as the laws and customs, of the capital city planned by a great prophet, who could look a hundred years ahead at a time when the Federation of the States was loose, and when many of his compatriots could see no need for such a national capital."

As we traversed Massachusetts Avenue and then the Sixteenth Street boulevard to Meridian Hill, where much of this great and singular city lay spread out at our feet, the noble dome of the Capitol and the majestic shaft of the Washington Monument dominating the view as twin radial centers; as the already striking outlines of the Mall became evident, and the notable "circles" and intersections served to locate the immense and dignified structures that house the Government's vast business, I could but share in the enthusiasm of my friend, and believe that Washington is even now a glory of and to the United States.



THE NOTABLE JAPANESE GINGKO OR MAIDENHAIR TREE LINES THIS APPROACH TO THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

But there were flaws in the crystal, and the Commissioner's face clouded as he pointed out the unharmonious and jarring effect of several sky-scraping, matchbox-on-end apartment-houses. We live in America, and man's "sacred" right to flaunt discordant architecture—and hideous billboards—from his private property upon his defenseless neighbors has not yet been successfully traversed. Yet here in Washington there is hope; for there is no State constitution to protect the man who would say, in effect, "Am I my brother's keeper?" as he injures his neighbor through greed or through ignorance. A recently passed enactment prohibits the erection on any street or avenue of a structure higher than the width of the street. If a localized earthquake or a beneficent conflagration should remove from the view in Washington certain exclamation points of architecture that cry aloud in obtrusive disharmony to the great plan, I fancy the authorities could restrain their tears!

Note this "cornice law," ye cañon-making American cities, in this your proper model: no structure to be higher than the width of the street upon which it fronts. I think this law is a real glory of Washington.

Have I said anything about the trees of Washington? Of them I may only speak in restraint, for truly they would too greatly engage my tree-loving pen! No such trees adorn a city anywhere else in America, I believe. Each avenue planted with one variety only, not with the hit-or-miss result of individual preferences, these highways are ripening into a very great glory. "Unter den Linden" in America is on Massachusetts Avenue, and the oaks of East Capitol Street are superb. When the horse-chestnuts bloom on Thirteenth Street, one lingers long to enjoy the vista of flower and leaf. The gingko avenue giving approach to the Agricultural Department has taught the country the value of this sturdy but delicately beautiful tree. The superb European sycamores that shade the broad western approach to the Capitol, and those punctuating the White House sidewalk, show how intelligent care will produce the utmost tree luxuriance, despite sheet asphalt and granolithic paving. The shrubs, the evergreens, the great magnolias of the South, the symmetrical lawn trees that are profusely used to adorn the circles, the small parks or "squares," the triangular street and avenue intersections, the grounds about the public buildings—all these are admirable and an invaluable means of education to the whole country, twelve months in the year.

Only since 1872 has Washington been systematically planting and controlling trees under municipal authority. The $560,000 that has been spent in the work has in a generation added far more to the beauty and comfort of Washington than could twenty times as much have added, spent in any other way. The conditions previous to 1870, when as yet swine rooted in the streets of the capital city, did not foster tree-planting. But what a great tree means to a great building is seen in viewing the Capitol from the foreground of the superb elm (said to have been planted by President Washington) near its eastern front. And when it is noted that the planting of the Capitol grounds is a memorial of the genius of the elder Olmsted, increasing beauty of tree and shrub, in relation to the building and its approaches, is assured.

Again, American cities, note the glory of a city in its trees that has arisen in only thirty years, through intelligent public planting and control!

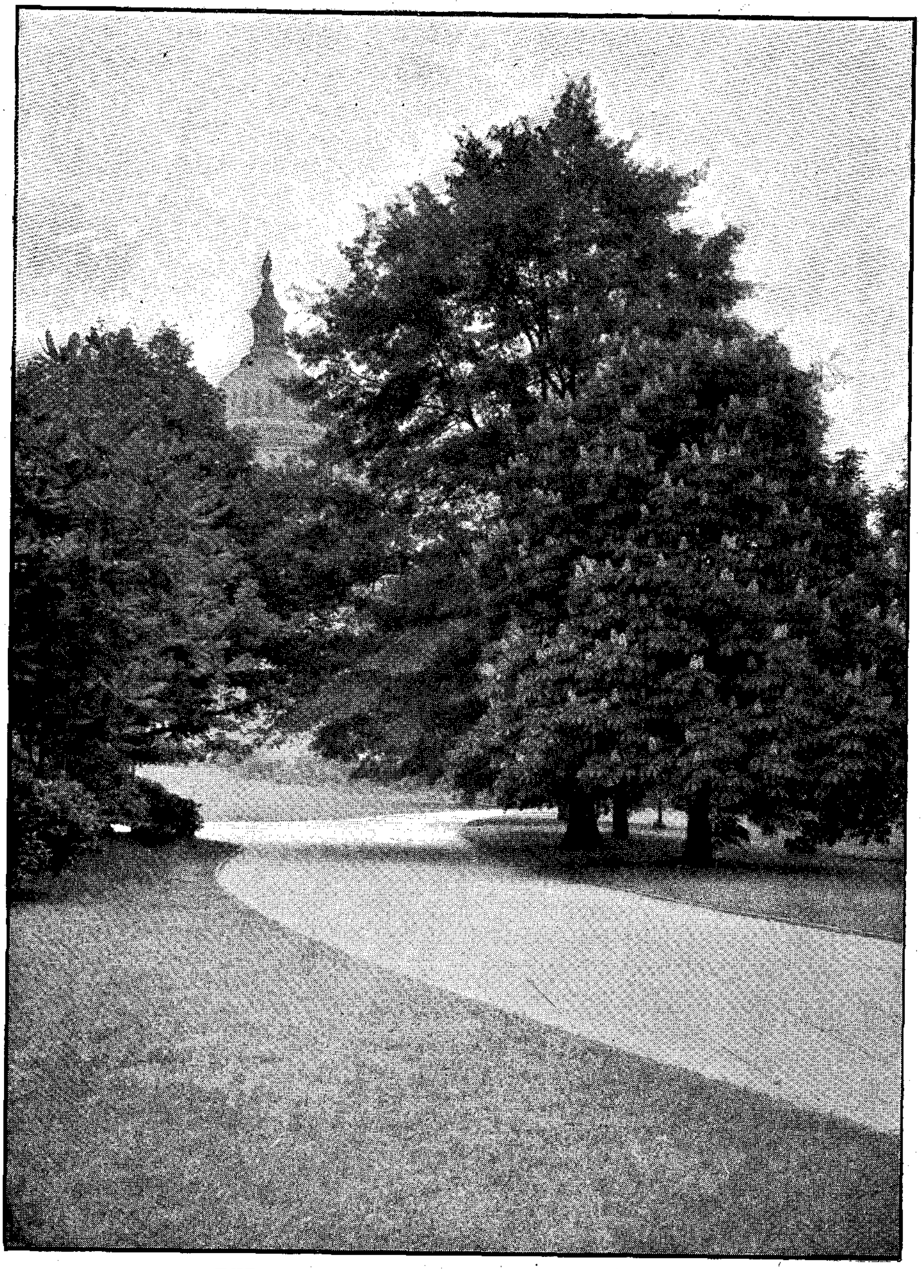
It may be said that I have spoken of the civic advantages of Washington only as seen through officially favorable eyes. I sought other views, and the ideas of a private citizen, a physician who has been a resident of the Federal city for thirty years, came to me:

"Washington is a moral and law-abiding city, with little disorder and less drunkenness. My practice takes me out at all hours of the night, and I am sure my wife would be as safe on the streets as I am at any time.

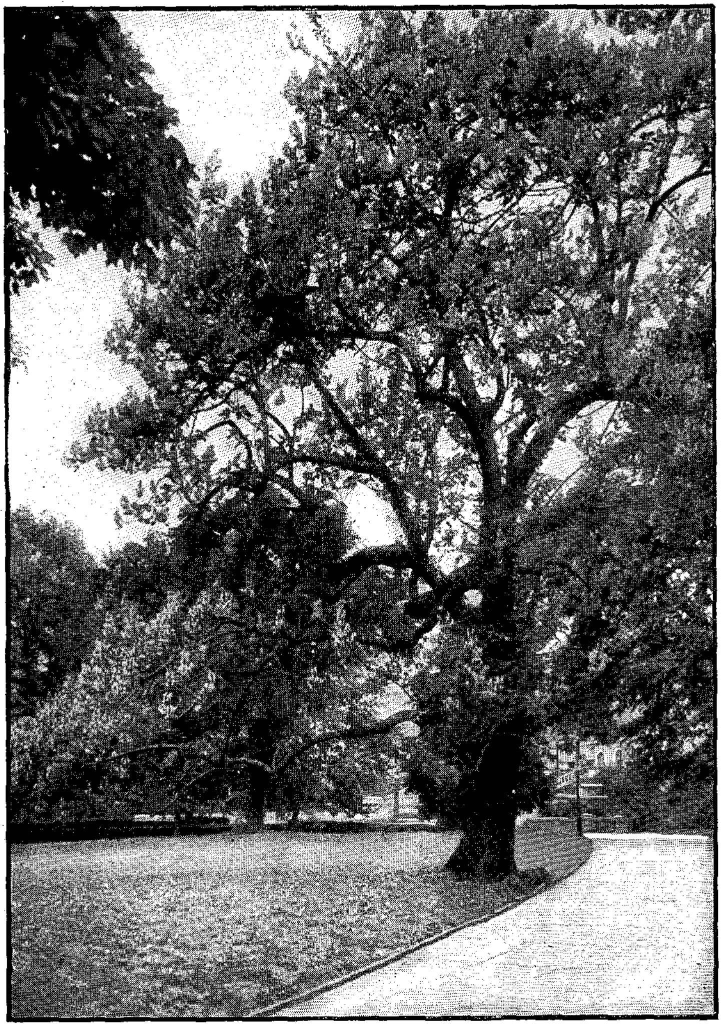
"Our churches are particularly alive in missionary work, and Washington is helping to evangelize the world by sustained and liberal contributions, and by an especial interest in benighted lands, of which we have unusual opportunities to hear.

"Our social opportunities are great, and they are used freely—more freely because of the higher tone given to our populace through the demands of the civil service examinations upon those aspiring to Government work.

"Vote? I don't want to vote, or to bother with partisan politics. Why should I? The Commissioners and the Congressional Committees hear us about our troubles, when we have them, and they heed us, too. I think we do better than you do, with your 'boss' fights and your foolish political methods of city government. We have full expression through our Board of Trade and our Business Men's Leagues; and we get more for our money than most cities



THE BEAUTY OF THE CAPITOL IS ENHANCED BY THE WELL-PLACED TREES ON EVERY SIDE



IN MAY THE NOTABLE "EMPRESS TREE," OR PAULOWNIA, IS COVERED WITH FLOWERS OF HELIOTROPE COLOR AND FRAGRANCE

do, even though we pay more than a proper share of the Federal Government's local expenses. Compare our tax rate, our parks, our clean streets, our schools, with those of cities of equal size, paying much higher taxes under partisan rule, and you will understand why we are satisfied to be 'disfranchised,' as you call it."

As I walked away from the doctor's comfortable home on a broad avenue shaded by four rows of well-kept red-oaks, pondering on what he had said, I noticed another glory of Washington. I saw no poles or wires on her great main thoroughfares. Electric cars there are, in plenty—and I bought six tickets for a quarter, good on the lines of either of the two traction companies, with free transfers as needed. The underground trolley drives the cars, and underground cables carry other wires, in most of the city, and every year decreases the number of the few remaining poles, soon to be only a hateful memory.

Take notice again, ye voting and bewired American cities: Washington has six-for-a-quarter fares, free transfers, underground trolleys, and yet her traction companies pay four per cent. yearly on their gross receipts to the city, while making decent profits for their stockholders. Naturally, the municipal ownership problem does not worry this non-partisan city—which is perhaps another glory.

As Washington has been blamed with being a city of Government clerks only—how correctly may be known when one compares the 25,000 Federal employees with the 326,435 inhabitants of the District on May 22, 1906—it seemed well to ascertain how these public servants look upon the city of their residence.

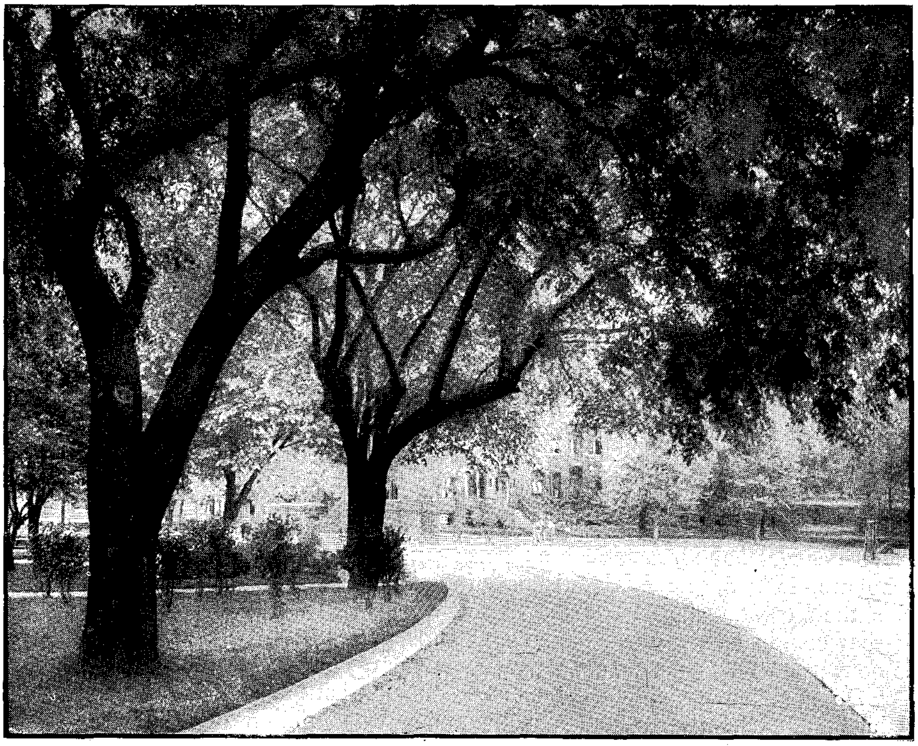
An official in the Forest Service was somewhat discouraging when he said that Washington is primarily an official city; that the Government employees are of mediocre average and without ambition; that "society" was too expensive for the worker; and that the really capable officials come here at a sacrifice.

He added, however, that "conditions are constantly improving;" and when I pursued my inquiries a trifle forcefully, he admitted that he lived in a suburb, outside the District entirely, had made no attempt—having had no opportunity—to come into social relations in the city, and that "society," in his view, was the "smart set" of lavish expenditure. Am I to blame for feeling that he was not a fair witness, and that his statement plucked no leaf from Washington's garland of city glories?

The next man, an investigator in the wonderful Plant Industry division of the more wonderful Agricultural Department, had a different view. He said:

"I like Washington as a place of residence because it is a pleasant place in which to live, and especially because of the great opportunities it affords for study at first hand. We get the big men from all the world here, both in science, in practice, and in true society. I find the social life of the city, in which I have lived a dozen years, not only pleasant but profitable, for I constantly meet new people of great attainments.

"In my division, for instance, are two lawyers and a physician, doing good work for the Government, but here primarily for use of the unequaled opportunities they find for special study—



GREAT ELMS DIGNIFY DUPONT CIRCLE, THE CENTER OF THE OFFICIAL AND DIPLOMATIC RESIDENCE DISTRICT opportunities freely available here, and nowhere else in the world.

"The Government employees? They are above the average, and, while some are unambitious, I believe they are superior in intelligence, in interest in their work, and in ambition to the employees of any great railroad. They are well paid for the most part; and their shorter hours give them opportunities for study and for relaxation."

As I looked at the rosy-cheeked boys who called my cheery friend "Papa," I could see that Washington had a full share of one of America's chief glories—the American family!

To the expressions of the District official, the plain citizen, the Government employee, it seemed very desirable to add a Congressional view. This was supplied by Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, in which position he succeeded the late Senator McMillan, himself long an enthusiastic friend of the Federal city. That Senator Gallinger, who had been intimately associated in the work of governing the District for sixteen years, has continued and even increased the interest which led Senator McMillan to foster the revival of the great Washington plan, needed no telling. As he sat in the beautiful Senate District Committee-room, made historically interesting by reason of the preservation in it of the marvelous cut-glass chandeliers under which Nellie Grant was married, and which the Senator rescued from the junk pile to which a White House refurnishing had consigned them, it was easy to see that he believed fully in the glory of Washington, present and to come, and that his belief colored his efforts.

"We work continually with the idea of making Washington the most beautiful city in all the world," said the Senator. "We believe that all American citizens who are, indeed, potential citizens of this, their capital city, would have it so if they could see Washington even as it is now.

"Do you comprehend the educational value of a great and beautiful capital? Nothing so increases patriotism as a visit to Washington, where many for the first time realize the immensity of the Nation, its wealth, its importance, and its world relations, as they see the Capitol, the Library of Congress, the White House, the Washington Monument, and the great governmental buildings. A better sense of averages and of proportion is established in their minds, and the influence of the city itself, in its broad avenues, its noble structures, its many groups of statuary, and its wonderful city plan, is wholesome, educative, and inspiring.

"Washington should, and does, and will, serve as a model to all America for municipal development. It is fitting that here should be worked out, by the Nation's representatives, the intimate problems of city government, and especially the making of a model city, the city beautiful.

"Several hundred girl graduates in New Hampshire educational institutions gave up class jewelry and graduating dresses last year to provide for a visit to Washington. To these young women that visit was memorable and of immense educational value. Washington should be visited, and studied, and enjoyed by all the people, for their own benefit and that of the United States."

I spoke to the Senator of the absence of the franchise among the citizens of Washington. He smiled as he replied:

"I don't think they miss the franchise any! They express themselves continually, and with entire freedom. This Committee is practically the city council of Washington, and we are constantly giving hearings on various subjects.

"There are twenty or more Citizens' Associations in the city, and I think a week seldom passes in which they do not all memorialize this Committee, or obtain a public hearing, on some matter of city affairs.

"Sometimes the suggestions are impracticable. For instance, when we required, by Congressional enactment, the traction companies to change their routes so as to deliver traffic according to our plans at the new Union Station, the requisition meant the expenditure of nearly a million dollars for new construction. Yet here is a proposition, submitted as an amendment to that bill, that we shall ask Congress to increase the tax on their gross receipts from four per cent. to twelve per cent. annually, which is obviously unfair.

"We are always working on city problems. We must keep down black smoke, shut out, so far as possible, smoke-making locomotives from the new Union Station, look after educational and sanitary matters, and do countless things to make and to maintain Washington as a model city."

When I thought of the Boards of Aldermen and the City Councils that are the governing bodies of our American cities, and of their average composition under partisan conditions, I could not but feel that now, at least, Washington does vastly better under its interested Congressional committees, having absolutely no partisan relation to the city's affairs, treating its work from a National standpoint, and acting through an able Commission.

Charles Dickens intimated that no one would wish to live in Washington who could avoid it. He would be astonished to see the many superb residences now to be found there, in which live people of culture, eminence, and wealth who are in no way connected with governmental affairs. Why are they there? Because they find the capital a most beautiful place in which to dwell, its climate suggesting summer absence only as does that of New York or St. Louis, and its opportunities for social intercourse being unparalleled. Any worthy person may secure admittance to the unique Wednesday evening salon of Alexander Graham Bell; any one may see and meet the great and the "near great." The entire vicinity, from Mount Vernon's sacred shrine to Arlington's hardly less memorable location, is rich in association with history, with action, and with present beauty. Why not, then, live in Washington if one can?

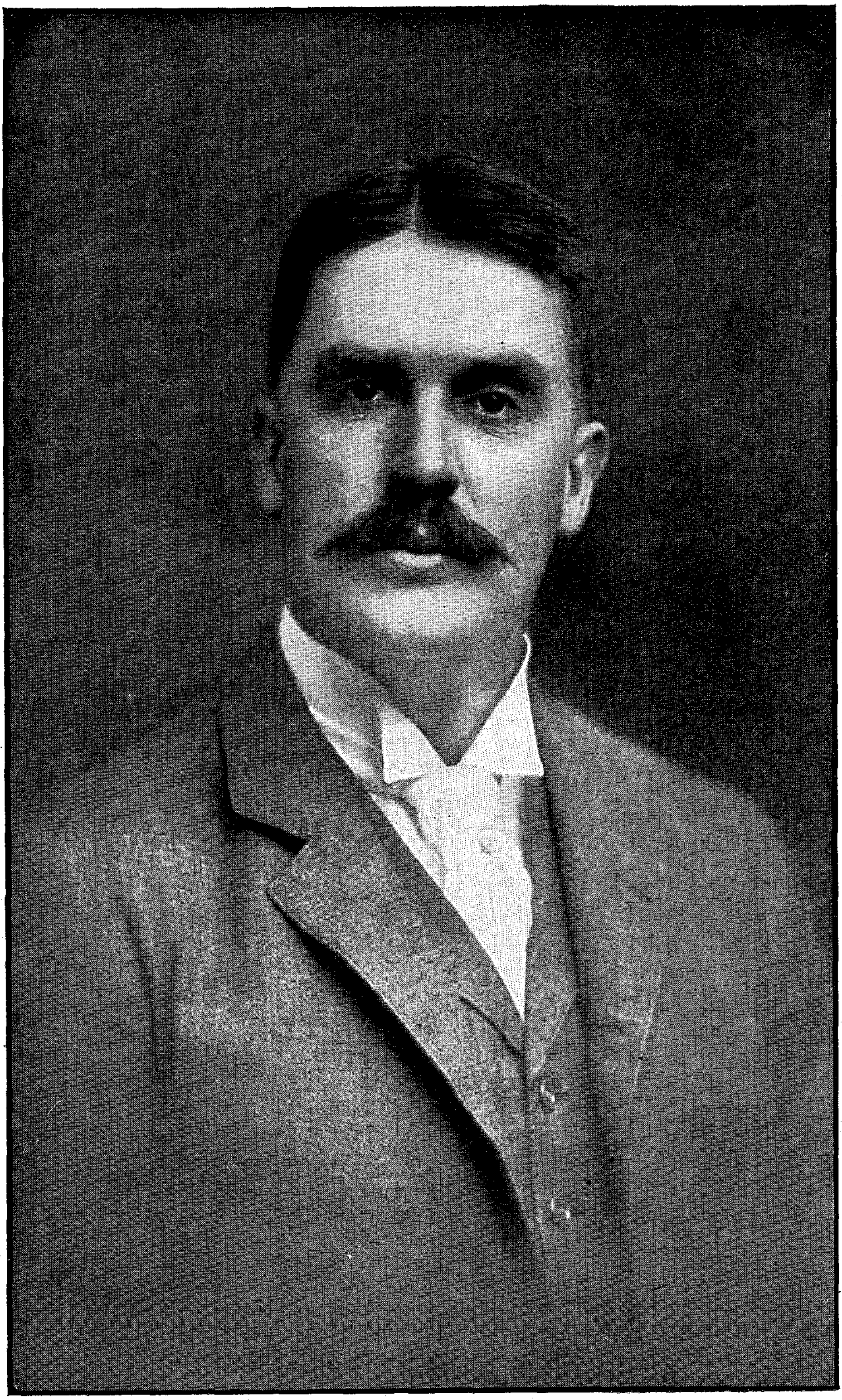
Have I shown some glories of our National capital? It is not perfect—for it is not finished, and we are not *quite* a perfect people!—but it shows to America many of the attributes that make for such perfection as is possible to fallible though aspiring humanity. And it is *our* Federal City, the tangible evidence in stone and metal and trees of the great dream of the Father of *our* country. It is as we have made it, and it will be glorious as we glory in it, and assist in completing its glories. Thus, after all, the glory of Washington is the United States, and Washington is the glory of the United States!

TO A CHILD

(WITH A COPY OF HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES)

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

When the garden-gate closes behind you
  With a click that is certain and sure,
And its bars seem to harshly remind you,
  You have lost what you once thought secure;
When the lock on the gateway is guarded
  By the hard-knotted growth of the vine,
While your feet in the path are retarded
  By the weeds which your footsteps entwine;
When the bottle-crowned wall of the garden
  Seems to frown at your plodding below;
When the strings of your heart seem to harden,
  As though turning to ice and to snow,—
Let the leaves of this book be your key then,
  Be your path and your postern-gate too,
That its deep tangled haunts you may see then
  In a glass that is clearer than dew!



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

AN "HONOR DEMOCRAT"

For many years The Outlook has maintained its belief that the merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and railway managers of this country are not all materialists. Generally speaking, their success in promoting and managing great affairs of business is in proportion to their idealism. Believing this, The Outlook has not been surprised at the influence, political and social, which has been exerted in the State of New York in a very quiet but very effective way by Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, one time Mayor of the city of Auburn. In the crucial political campaign last autumn between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hearst, Mr. Osborne was one of the distinct figures. He is typical of that growing body of American young men who are carrying the enthusiasm for ideals into business affairs as well as into the arts and so-called "learned professions." The work which such men are doing in the community ought to be known to the public, and therefore we have asked one of his personal friends, without the knowledge of Mr. Osborne, to give our readers some account of the man and his work.—THE EDITORS.

"THE great vice of our people," says Phillips Brooks, "in their relation to the politics of the land, is cowardice. . . . It is the disposition of one part of our people to fall in with current ways of working, to run with the mass; and of another part to rush headlong into this or that new scheme or policy of opposition merely to escape the stigma of conservatism. Neither timidity nor recklessness is really brave. No man on any side is truly brave in thought who is listening for other people's voices either to assent to or to contradict them."

As the people discover the quality of the new Governor of New York, they begin to understand how much the State and the Nation are indebted to certain members of the Democratic party who exerted themselves to bring about the election of Mr. Hughes and the defeat of Mr. Hearst. The success of the Democratic ticket, with the exception of its head, confirms the accuracy of the saying that "any decent Democrat could have been elected Governor of New York last November." We need to remember that the salvation of the State from the domination of the Hearst element of the Democratic party was due to the independent vigor and disinterested public spirit of some twenty thousand Democratic voters who marked their ballots for Mr. Hughes and then for the rest of their own party ticket. The acknowledged leader of these "Honor Democrats" was and is Thomas M. Osborne, of Auburn.

Mr. Osborne comes from an abolitionist stock and is of Quaker descent. His forbears were people not afraid of being in a minority. He belongs in the company of educated young Americans who make it a part of their ordinary duty to take some active part in public affairs. To name only the untimely dead, he belongs with such efficient promoters of the public good as Governors Russell and Wolcott, of Massachusetts, and the cousins Congressmen Sherman Hoar and Rockwood Hoar, men who inherited traditions of family honor and the power to see clearly, to think independently, and to will nobly.

The careers of such men refute the vulgar sneers about the incompetency of educated men and their inability to deal with practical politics. Mr. Osborne was at Harvard at the same time with Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Bacon, Curtis Guild, Sherman Hoar, William H. Baldwin, Jr., and many other young men who have proved in successful public careers that good blood and a sound education are not obstacles to political influence in a democracy. Some of these men are Republicans and some are Democrats, but they are all men who love their country, and believe in the good sense of their fellow-citizens and in the principles on which the Republic is founded. They are men who hate "boss rule," the spoils system, demagoguism, and all the evils of "special privilege." They are men who can be relied upon to stand firm for what they think is right, and to "keep the rudder true," whether the wind of popular prejudice be adverse or favorable.

Mr. Osborne was born and brought up in Auburn, the town where the great Republican William H. Seward lived and ruled in the minds and hearts of his fellow-citizens, and whose present member of Congress is the Republican leader on the floor of the House of Representatives. Osborne's father, David M. Osborne, by integrity and intelligent industry, built up the great shops of the Osborne Harvester Company, and was the honored Mayor of the city which his business enterprise had helped to develop. The son was sent to Adams Academy in Quincy, Massachusetts, and then to Harvard, where he spent four happy and successful years. There he got a good grip on the ideals of life that are transmitted from generation to generation in the Harvard atmosphere to those who are alert to use the opportunities of their college life. There he got hold of the idea that opportunity creates obligation, and that college-bred men have a duty to promote civic righteousness and good government. A generous disposition, a kindly humor, a large fund of information derived from reading and travel, a reasonable success in athletics, an exceptional musical taste and ability, combined with a manliness that everybody respected to make him popular in the best sense of the word, and these qualities have stood him in good stead in later life.

After graduation he plunged into business, and the death of his father almost immediately threw upon him great responsibilities. It seemed as if the business of D. M. Osborne & Co. could not go on without its directing head. A meeting of the stockholders declared in favor of closing the shops and mills, and taking down the sign over the office door. But young Osborne said, "No, I will not take down that sign. This business is going on." He assumed the presidency of the company, and for sixteen years conducted it with ability and success.

Mr. Osborne came back to his native city just when the Blaine-Cleveland campaign was absorbing public attention. Though of the strongest Republican inheritances, bred in the best anti-slavery traditions, he could not bring himself to support Mr. Blaine, and so cast for Mr. Cleveland his first vote at a Presidential election. Finding himself more and more allied by conviction and principle to the Democratic party, he became increasingly active and influential in its counsels. Auburn chose him to be President of its Board of Education, and he rendered valuable service in that capacity. But Auburn, like every community in which one party has had long and undisputed control, was "ring-ruled;" the city charter was antiquated, and the prevailing methods of administration were shiftless if not corrupt. Osborne assailed these intrenched traditions and customs with good humor, with keen sarcasm, with candid truth-telling, with unanswerable argument. Three years ago, after an exciting campaign, he was elected Mayor on a non-partisan ticket—the first Democrat ever elected to that office in the banner Republican stronghold. He proved an unexpectedly good campaigner. His success was due to his personal popularity, and the confidence of the people, who had known him from boyhood, in his ability and sincerity. He is democratic by temperament and conviction. To the boys at the George Junior Republic, where he is the President of the Trustees, he is "Uncle Tom." Among his friends he is the appreciative lover of good books and fine scenery, of music and drama.. At his office desk he is the alert, resourceful man of affairs. On the stump he is no orator, but a plain-speaking man, attractive in bearing and appearance, big and good-tempered, lucid in argument, going straight to his point, taking everybody into his confidence, trustful of the good sense and right purpose of the people. He hits hard, but never unfairly. He never poses and never trims. Everybody knows that there is no envy or malice in his attack upon the "machine," and that he has nothing personal to gain in seeking public office.

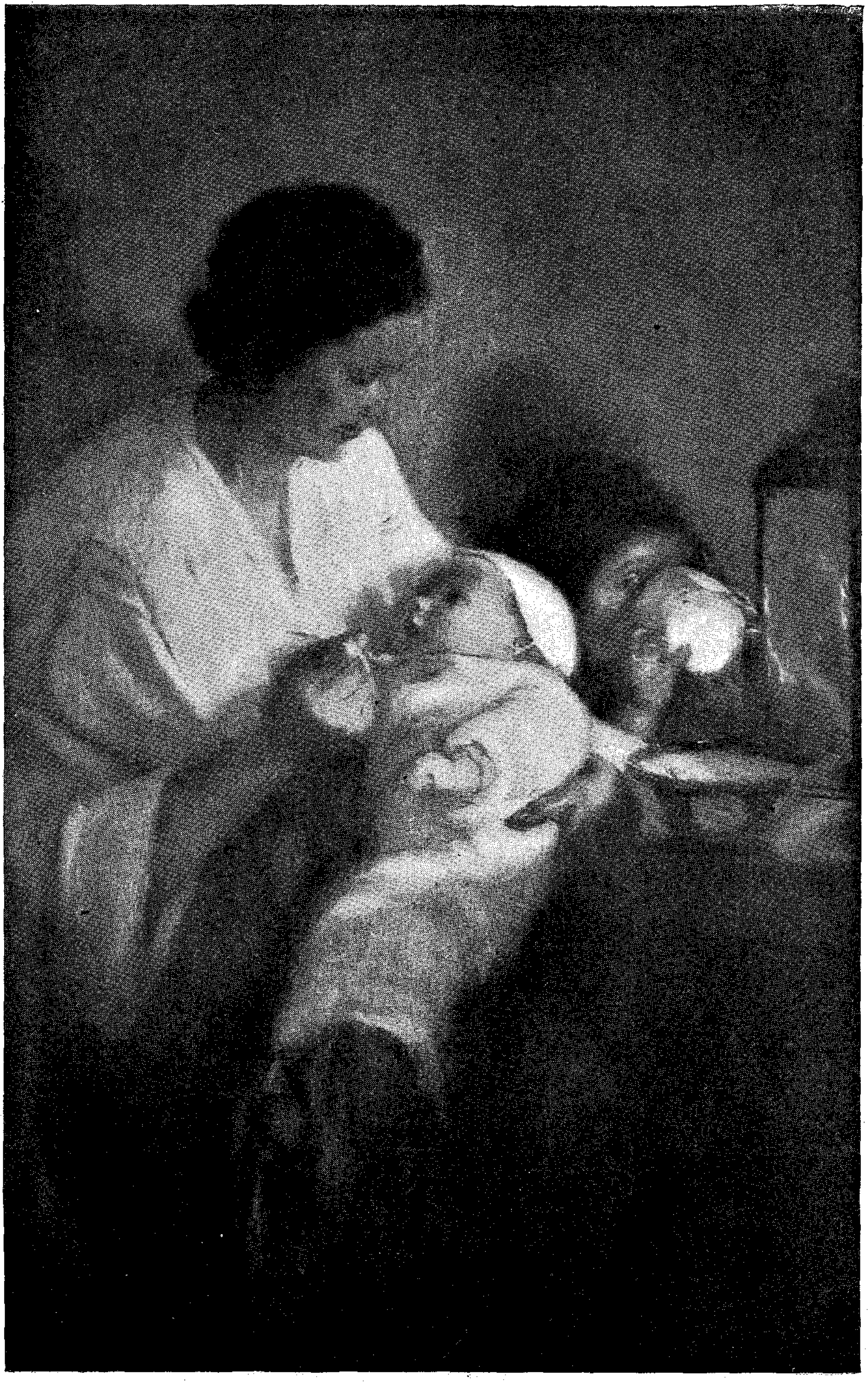
As Mayor, though in his first term he had to deal with a hostile Council, he accomplished most of the reforms he had at heart. Though manifestly an idealist, he proved thoroughly practical. Though a reformer, he did not keep making futile expositions of the defects in men and things. Though critical, he was also constructive. He secured the new city charter which was so sorely needed, reorganized the different executive departments on a sound business basis, put through the public improvements that had been tied up with red tape or held up by people anxious for a share of the possible spoils, and generally managed the city affairs as he had managed his own shops. His messages and public addresses were absolutely candid. They taunted no one, they sneered at nothing, and there were no perversions or distortions of fact; but they stated plain truths and argued openly and fairly. If he discovered incompetency or rascality in any city department, he made sure of the facts, placed the responsibility just where it belonged, and then calmly and conscientiously told his fellow-citizens all about it. He recognized in them the real and responsible rulers. He guided his official course by certain rules, which by the time of his third Annual Message he had boiled down to five:

1. Allow nothing to be everybody's business.
2. Make everything some one's business.
3. Let no one interfere with or share another's responsibility.
4. Put in force a clear and simple system, but
5. Avoid red tape.

For himself he had but one ambition—to make the city administration thoroughly efficient, and to lift the civic life of the community to a higher level. He wanted to add to the comfort and well-being of all honest folk.

Such achievements, both political and practical, have made him a man marked for higher office and responsibility. His party recognized his ability and promise of usefulness. He was "available" in a political sense; and if he had only consented to "keep still" there would have been no question about his securing whatever promotion his party could command for him. But he has never been able to put party loyalty ahead of principle. And when Mr. Hearst and his followers and allies attempted to seize the leadership in the State, it was Osborne who organized the opposition, called the Albany Conference, fought the nomination, and swung the independent element of his party into line for Mr. Hughes, believing that he was thus rendering the best service not only to the State but also to the Democratic party itself. Patriotic Americans delight to honor such men. Mr. Osborne may bide his time. His executive ability is proved; he is not afraid of hard work, his honesty is unassailable, his courage has been thoroughly tested. He is sure of an increasing influence in public life, and it is to be hoped that some day he will be in the service of the State or Natiion.

Let another quotation from Phillips Brooks describe Osborne's political disposition: "The thoroughgoing partisan and the captious cynic are both cowards. The loud and indiscriminate applause of one, the other's miserable sneer, both are contemptible beside the open, sympathetic thoughtfulness of the man who believes in his country but thinks for himself, and so is always bringing an intelligent disagreement or an intelligent assent as a real contribution to his country's life."



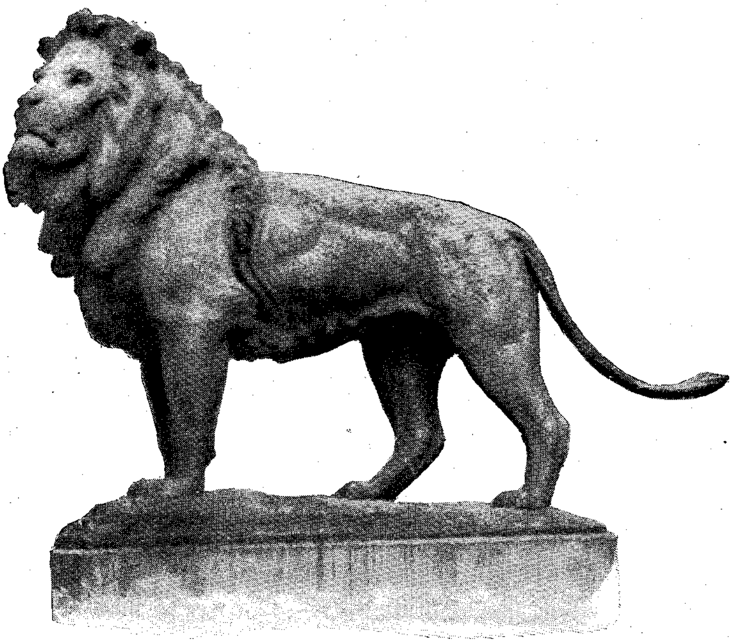
MOTHER AND CHILDREN
By Elizabeth Nourse

ART AND DEMOCRACY[1]

FIRST PAPER

HOW THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE REACHES THE PEOPLE

BY ERNEST POOLE



BRONZE LION BY EDWARD KINNEYS AT MAIN ENTRANCE

“Of course we are still in our infancy,” said the president. The Chicago Art Institute has been open nearly every day for twenty-seven years; its library of forty-five hundred volumes and prints of all the great pictures in Europe is visited yearly by over fifty thousand people; its almost daily lectures have an annual attendance of forty-five thousand; its constant succession of picture exhibits draw from four to ten thousand people in one free day—over six hundred thousand last year; its schools of drawing and painting, architecture, designing, sculpture, illustration, and normal instruction train yearly over twenty-four hundred; it employs sixty teachers, and always keeps some of them studying abroad; it has sent thousands of graduates back North and West and South to teach art in schools scattered all the way from Alabama to Oregon; and of its alumni, sixteen had pictures in the Paris Salons of 1904 and 1905. “We are still in our infancy,” said the president.

It is a free day, a Sunday afternoon; a great modern exhibit is here, and the galleries, antique and modern, are thronged by ten thousand men and women and children come out of the forty million in the West. Like the Louvre or the Vatican? No. The same rich lights and repose and a few of the same serene old works of the Masters. But the people! There is something grotesque and pathetic, and something deeply impressive too, in these ten thousand come from the millions beginning to see. Loudly critical, pretending, or humbly silent, dazed; shrewd, kindly, curious, amused, or just quietly happy; many languages are here, for Chicago is a mixing-bowl for the nations of the earth; many American dialects are here, for men and women are come from North and West and South; all kinds of attire are here, for here are rich people and poor, from city, village, farm, and ranch. Eyes understanding, eyes art-hungry, eyes hopelessly blind—all are here. Young people are here, trying to see and feel, and beginning, with a long life of health and power and widening vision ahead. America is here.

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[1] This article will be followed by two others: one describing the successful effort in an Indiana town to interest the whole community in art; the other, the well-known arts and crafts movement in Deerfield, Massachusetts.

"Why, yes, young feller, I'd be glad to." The speaker was a short, stout, middle-aged man with sandy hair and shrewd, kindly blue eyes. "Though I don't suppose I know much more about pictures than you do. You see, I can't get here often. I run a grocery store down the State, and a two hundred and twenty acre farm besides. Just built a new barn. So I'm kept busy. Here, we'll go down this gallery.

"What makes me hot," he went on, "is that I didn't find this place sooner. I struck it, just happened in, about a year ago, and since then I've been here every time I'm in town. And I'm just beginning to get the hang of the pictures. Except this!" He stopped and pointed scornfully to a fantastic creation—probably a landscape.

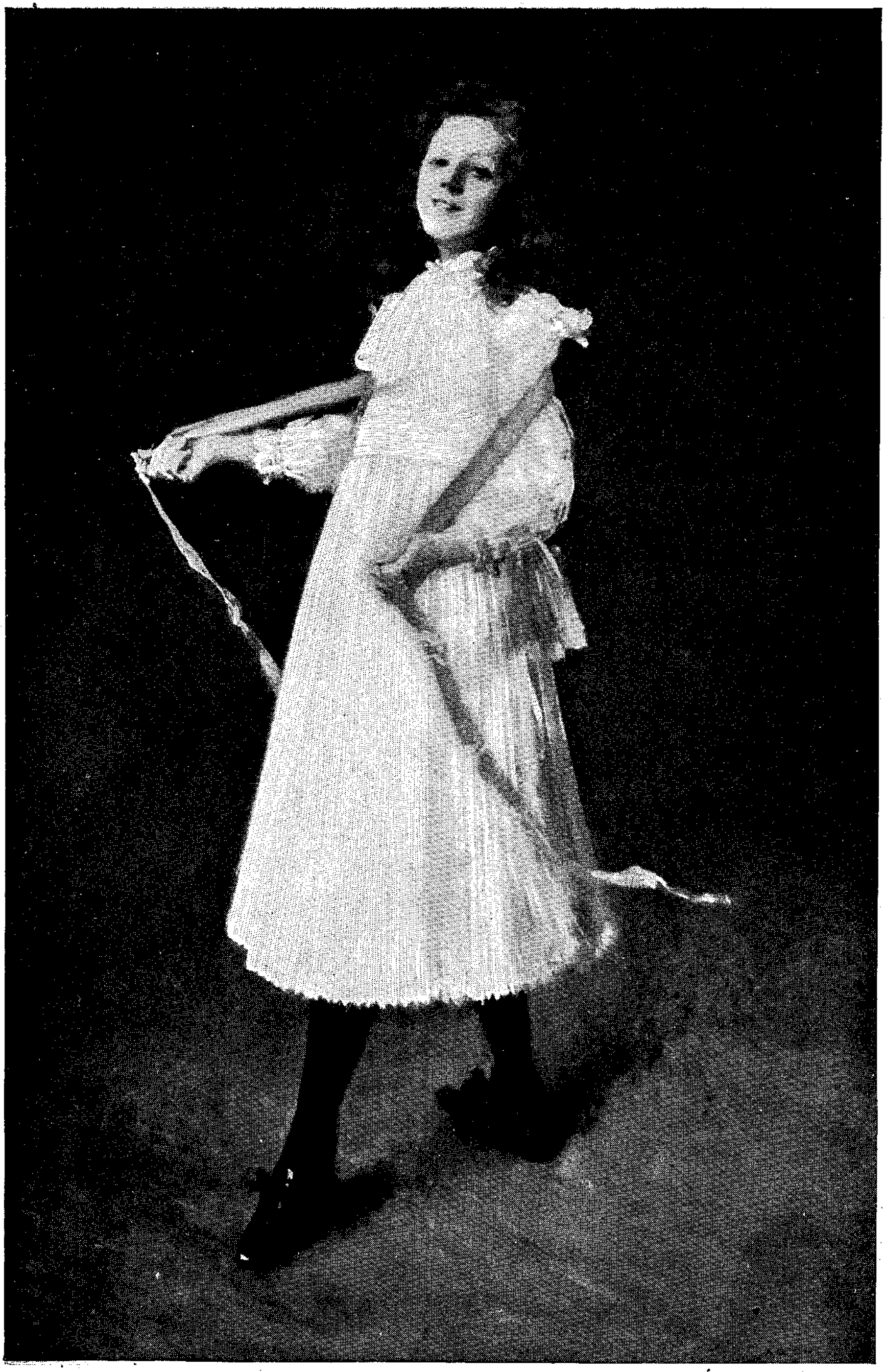
"Now this," he said, "is what the catalogue calls 'By the Impressionist School.' Are you impressed? I ain't—not a bit—only downright annoyed. I can't make head nor tail to the thing! I've figured an' figured, but the closer I get to it, the worse it looks. The man either painted in his sleep, in a regular rip-roarin' nightmare, or else he struck work before it was done. Seems a pity, don't it, if this American business rush has to go into painting too!

"An hour ago I saw an old farmer contemplatin' at it, and he looked so long and hard and curious that I got close to listen. He was one of those 'blessed are the meek' kind of old ones, and so was his wife. They looked a long time, sort of dazed. 'Well, Jenny,' he said at last, with a quiet touch of a smile, 'there is plenty of paint here. Nice rich paint—ain't it?' And they went on.

"Funny what queer things you can hear people say, if you listen," he remarked as we moved down the gallery. "Maybe you don't know how to use your eyes and ears without apparent effort, but if you'd run a country store for sixteen years—you would. Now look here." He stopped before a weird, fascinating night scene—"Arabs on the Desert."

"Here's something you *can* make head or tail to. It's what I call interesting. In the first place, it's the real thing; I don't know beans about Arabs, but I could swear they look just like this. And, second, look at the way he puts on his colors. *He* don't paint as if he was reelin' drunk! No, sir, he's got some self-respect. And there's nothing cheap about it either, like a circus poster. Look at that blurrish white moon! Look at them heavy-hangin' black clouds, and the dark mysterious face of that there camel. Look at this Arab chief's face under his turban, with eyes sunk 'way in, kind of ghostly. It makes you feel things, don't it? Well, that's Art. Give me scenes to make me think and feel, and then rich colors to give 'em a tone. That's it." He paused a moment, and added simply: "There ain't many colors in my town."

For the next half-hour he showed me, one by one, his favorites, which all supplied the color that was lacking in his town. An ancient German castle just before a storm, an altar scene in St. Mark's in Venice, dark rocking ships in harbor on a windy night, Sicilian flower-girls, "Alice," two lovers in a boat—not fishing—"Darius at the feet of Alexander," a gay studio scene in the Latin Quarter, "Bringing Home the New-born Calf." At last we stopped before "The Trial of Catherine of Aragon," and here



ALICE
By William M. Chase

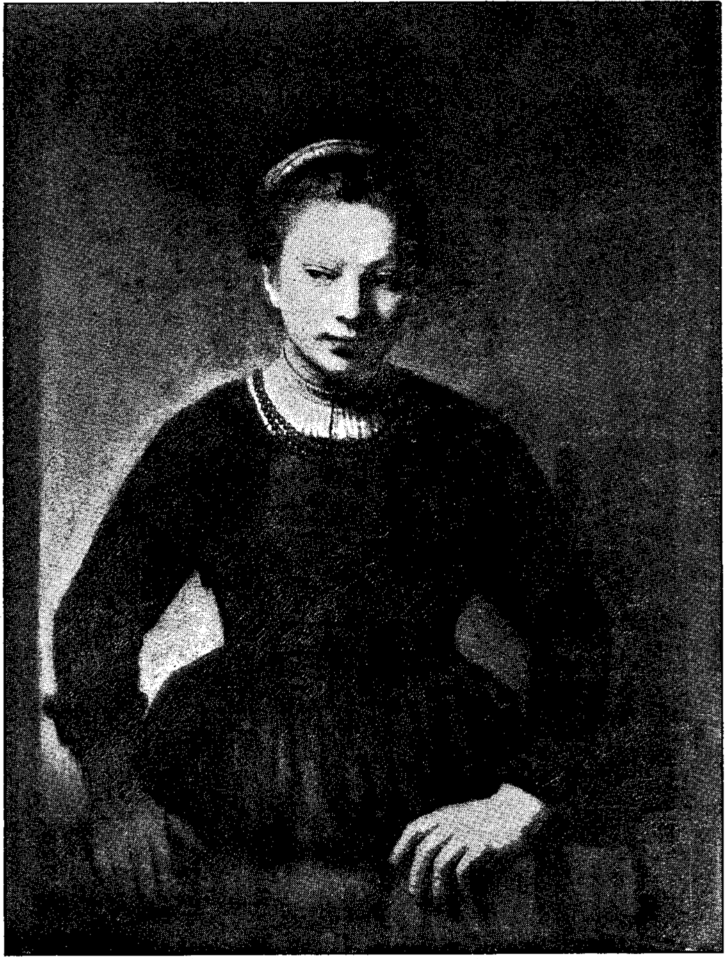
for a long time we feasted our eyes on Abbey's soft rich reds and golds and blues.

"The wonder to me," he murmured at last, "is how the English people ever let that old villain of a Henry rule over 'em." More admiring and wondering. Some twenty minutes passed. Then he started and jerked out his watch. "Train time! Yes, and more too! I'll have to hurry. Well, young feller," he turned, smiling, and held out his hand, "I hope I've shown you a little. I don't know much, except that I want all kinds of interesting scenes, because I can't afford a trip to Europe. And I want color, plenty of it, like this. My town is mighty bare in that way, and somehow this place has made me sort of picture hungry. I advise you to come here often. It's good for any young man. Good luck to you! Good-by!"

"See that measly little picture?" It was another free day. An indignant, practical-faced Chicagoan with glinting gray eyes grasped his solemn thin friend by the arm, pointed to Van Ostade's "Jubilee," and then to his catalogue. "Thirty—thousand—dollars! That's what they claim it's worth. Now look at it!" Two long looks of withering scorn. He turned with a knowing wink.

"A little touch of graft in the air—eh?" The two citizens turned and gazed at each other, the light of Reform rising and flashing in their eyes.

"Say, Jim," whispered the solemn thin



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL—REMBRANDT

one, "do we taxpayers get stuck for all this?"

"Not yet," Jim admitted. "It's run by a syndicate of about three thousand people with a few big wise ones on top. But sooner or later, mark my words, they'll get us all in! And then the price of this blamed thing will be raised from thirty thousand to sixty! Oh, I see their game," he murmured. "Plain as day. Watered stock." Again he turned a last indignant look on the meek, unoffending, world-famous little picture. "Two feet square. Not an inch more, an' shopworn at that. Thirty—thousand—dollars! Come on!"

A Polish laborer turned and looked after them, his long, big-boned face breaking into a smile. Then he drew a deep, contented breath and looked back at a dark-brown Van Dyke, and at once forgot all the crowd. He was a giant, but his threadbare clothes hung loose and his hands were thin; he drooped slightly as he stood there, resting his weight heavily on one foot, which had a big hole in the instep of the dusty shoe. One hand slowly tugged on his soft yellow mustache, and his big deep-blue eyes shone. Now and then he smiled and nodded slowly to himself.

"That big Pole?" said the guard. "Oh, yes. He comes every Sunday. He don't say anything to me or anybody else. Only once long ago at closing time he asked me to mark out on some paper how to walk back to the Stock-yards. That's a good two hours' walk, but from the look of him I guess he walks both ways. He never misses a Sunday, though, not even in blizzards, and he always stays till closing time at five o'clock. I've seen him spend two whole hours in front of that one Van Dyke, without hardly moving. And Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Girl" is another old chum of his. Once he brought a little girl dressed up nicely in American clothes; but she was like a good many Americans, she couldn't see what he saw. She fidgeted and giggled at him, called him 'a silly.' And the big chap looked kind of sad that day. Since then he comes alone."

"Right dis way, boys," said a tall, delighted negro preacher He wore a shiny old frock suit, and by the looks of his "boys" they had all come straight from his church. He led them through to the end of the modern galleries, stopped before "The Two Disciples at the Tomb," and stretched out his hand. All looked in admiring silence.

"Boys," he said simply, "dis yeah pictah took de first prize of all de hundreds of pictahs by all de American artists. An' de man who did it was a niggah." Instinctively the little group drew closer, and the voice grew intense and low; from outside the circle you could barely hear it. "Why could he do it? Because he got de beauty of God an' Jesus 'way deep down in his heart. Why do I keep bringin' all you boys, dozens and dozens, heah to see? Because, boys, I know sometimes it ain't any fun to be cullud. An' sometimes in dis yeah big city it ain't easy to keep sobah an' steady an' pure in heart, an' good to youah wives an' little chilluns. Sometimes, even wid Jesus to help us, things don't look bright fo' us niggahs. It looks mighty like as if we was all left out, an' de only thing to do is jest to die, like de Indians did." Lower and lower: "We don't say nothin' to white folks, but we all feel like dat—sometimes, when we's blue. But, boys"—the voice rose slightly, and thrilled. "Heah—right heah—is what one niggah did by tryin'! Just look at it good. An' den go out an' bring youah friends to see it. Because dis pictah will do you mo' good dan a whole dozen of sermons!"

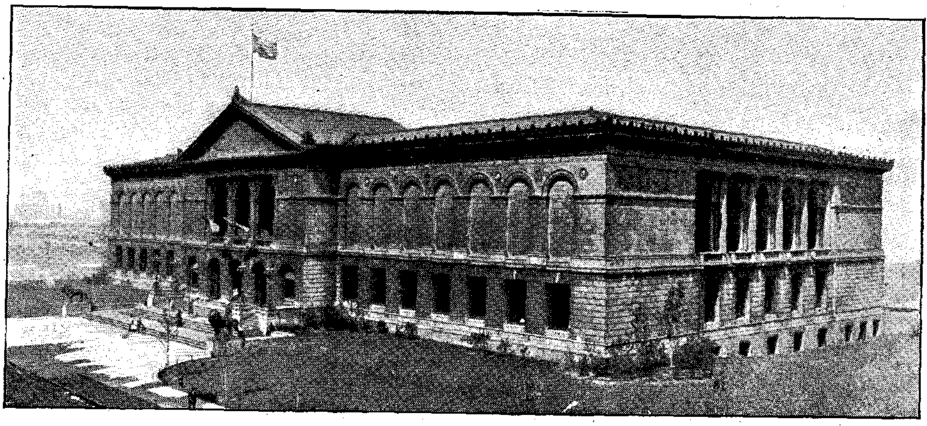
A tall, silent, anxious-looking man walked slowly along the side of a gallery nearly empty of people. At each picture he stopped and drew close as though for a better view; but each time he glanced furtively down at the artist's name. Once he bent suddenly very low, and his face brightened, but then grew disappointed.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the guard. The man straightened up and flushed.

"No, nothing at all, thank you," he said, hurriedly. "Much obliged all the same." But then, as the guard turned to go—"Oh, by the way."

"Yes?"

"This painter." He pointed down at



THE ART INSTITUTE

the signature, "Millet. Is he a student—in the school?"

"No, sir."

"Well," the man hesitated. "Do you have many pictures here—by the students?"

"No, sir. Not yet."

"Oh." The man's face relaxed in deep relief. "I have a boy there myself," he said. "I was just wondering."

In the school studios, twenty-four hundred a year. They come in largest numbers from Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Kansas, the Dakotas, California; and many besides from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Florida, Alabama, Texas, Oklahoma, Utah, and Oregon. Excluding the juvenile school of six hundred, the average age is twenty. Ten years ago the proportion of women to men was seven to one; now it is not quite two to one. They are of all stations in life, for the fees are very low: twenty-five dollars for twelve weeks in the all-day classes; six dollars for thirty-six evenings. Out of every fifteen students, fourteen hope to make some branch of art a life-work.

There was one youngster who came from the pines. Born in a rude lumber village, his boyhood was spent under the dark, silent old trees, and there he seemed to see and feel things that his brothers and sisters missed. His parents could not make him out. They were devout Catholics, and perhaps it was this that gave him his deep religious feeling—or perhaps it was the pines. He went often to the rough-hewn little church and studied the altar paintings; these he began trying to copy; and in time he did so well that the priest took one of his Madonnas. As he grew older and kept on painting, and refused to prepare for practical breadwinning work, his parents grew impatient. But he kept on. At last he left home and came here.

He had no money. One of the teachers liked the crude sketches that he showed, and a position as janitor was given to him. Like scores of others in the last few years, he paid his tuition by dusting casts and cleaning floors. At night he slept in a little cubby in a corner of a sculpture gallery. All morning and all afternoon he worked at pad or easel.

Then he got a position as waiter in a restaurant, and at this upward step in life he went to lodge with three other youngsters in an attic room. The four had two "double-decker" bunks. He had an upper berth. They had a battered stove, and wood gathered from alleys, and crackers, a little meat, plenty of strong coffee and a few more delicacies—all of which they divided, for often one would be wealthy and lavish with a dollar, when the other three were penniless. All winter, from daybreak until nine in the morning, from twelve to two, and from six to eight or nine at night, he worked in the restaurant. And all morning and all afternoon he worked at pad or easel.

He had already gone through the "Elementary," the "Intermediate," and the "Antique" classes. Down in the library, studying hundreds of photograph prints of the great pictures in the world, he spent hours and hours. He rarely missed an art lecture.

Once he had pneumonia and lost his restaurant position, but in three weeks he came out of the hospital, got another job, and went on. His vitality was deep, on account of the pines. And in the attic they made light of all troubles and had some glorious good times—being very young.

All morning and all afternoon he worked at pad or easel. He worked up through the "Gallery," "Life," and "Advanced Life" classes. His pictures in exhibits took medals many times.

He is somewhere in Europe now—still working.

But, as in the Latin Quarter, so here there is another common story, that of the boy or girl who labors and starves to create beauty, and whose work is barren from the start.

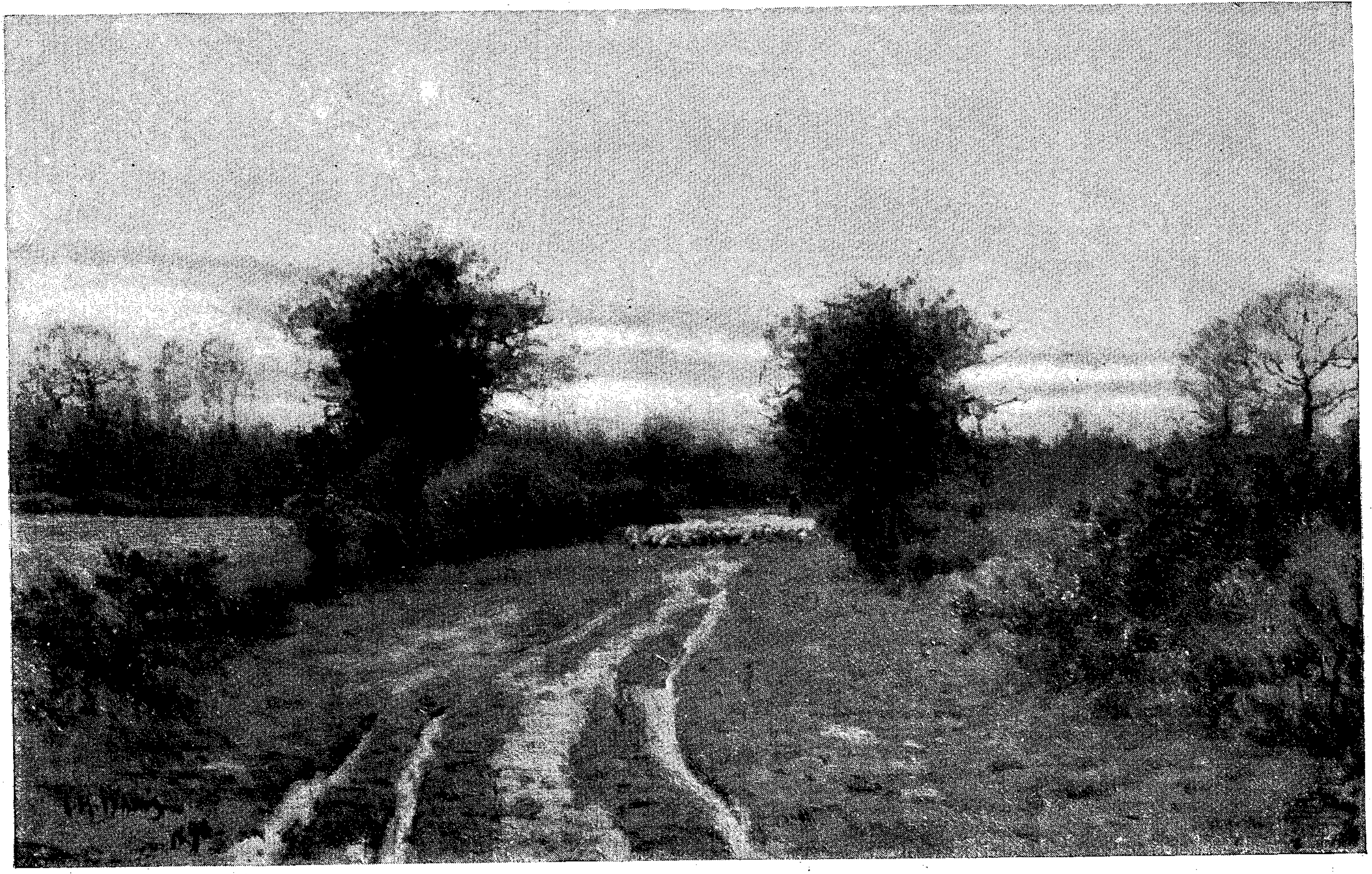
In an ugly little town of Iowa a girl of eighteen saw the photographs of great paintings that appeared all one year in a popular magazine. She read the accompanying essays on art. She began trying to copy the photographs. Then she saved money to buy water colors, and painted her drawings. Her proud old grandmother thought her a genius; her widowed father thought her a fool. When the grandmother died, the next year, the home and the town became unbearable. A well-to-do farmer asked her to marry him and she refused, and this made her father more bitter. She kept on painting. At last she ran away and came here, with some forty dollars to live on.

She found a position at last as chambermaid in a hotel. Only three evenings a week conld she come to the school; but by cutting down sleep she worked three or four hours a night at an easel in her tiny, narrow bedroom. She shivered in winter, in summer clothes—and bought more paints.

And all her work was wretched. Her teacher did his best; for her gentle personality, the eager look in her eyes when he came to her easel, the strained attention, caught his interest. After each severe criticism he tried to speak hopefully. And so for two years she worked steadily on.

Slowly her personality changed. She looked prematurely old and weazened;

JUNIOR CLASS SKETCHING FROM LIFE



TWILIGHT

By Charles H. Davis

her gentle rounded face grew sallow and harsh; her eyes grew bright, absorbed, and fiercely jealous—as all around her she saw other girls who worked no harder and whose work improved. She tried to deceive herself, she even bitterly accused the teacher of favoritism. And then she began to realize the truth, but worked on. As she worked, almost hopeless now, her passion for beauty gave place to an all-absorbing passion of jealousy, and this slowly centered on one girl student who had twice taken honors.

At last, just before a big competition, late one night, when the students had gone, she stole this girl's drawing, took it to her hotel bedroom, sat up all night staring at it, and finally tore it to shreds. And then she disappeared.

Others have the genius, but not the vitality. Some time ago a student discovered "a future Raphael," a wee ragged silent youngster, the son of a Greek fruit vender. The generous students grew excited over the urchin's powerful charcoal sketches, and took up a purse, and put him at an easel. And now the young Greek father was delighted, but the little son was silent, too happy to speak. He grew more and more absorbed, and his big black eyes grew doubly bright. Something seemed to be burning him up. A year later, all at once, his mind gave way. He is now in an asylum.

Then there is the practical genius. Not many years ago one wise, shrewd, but impoverished disciple of Rembrandt hit on an idea so inspiring that he lost not a day, but began. In a public library he searched the newspaper files of two Western States for the names of the newly elected State Senators. That summer, having scraped together some fifty dollars, he journeyed, armed with easel and huge rolls of canvas and quantities of bright rich paints, to the small town homes of these Senators. He saw their wives and daughters, and in a speech (carefully prepared in Chicago, and solemnly rehearsed in studios before his delighted chums) he told how Senator Joggs was now "a man in the public eye"—"a man, simple, rugged, honest"—and yet—"one whose career as a statesman many of us are watching." For how plain it was that the Nation was again plunging into a terrible crisis; how often was heard now the question, "Where is an Abraham Lincoln?" How rugged and simple was Lincoln at the start! What a pity that the Nation has so few portraits of Lincoln the young man! What a pity if Senator Joggs should not now be painted! And what wife, what daughters, had a better right to start an ancestral gallery for future generations? What wife would refuse when the price was only fifty dollars, including the frame? . . . And so shrewdly did he adapt this speech to each and every Joggs, and so swiftly did he paint Joggses into ancestors, and so hard did he travel, that all the next winter this wise, smiling student lived in affluence, and grew portly—on six hundred and forty dollars! But, O ye shades of Rembrandt, what ancestors!

There are others who are practical in less irreverent ways. In the night classes are some seven hundred men and women, most of whom are busy all day in regular vocations, and come here to learn what will supplement the life-work they have chosen. For such, besides drawing and painting and sculpture, there are classes in architecture, mural decoration, illustration, cartoons, and the designing of wall paper, laces, jewelry, book covers, rugs.

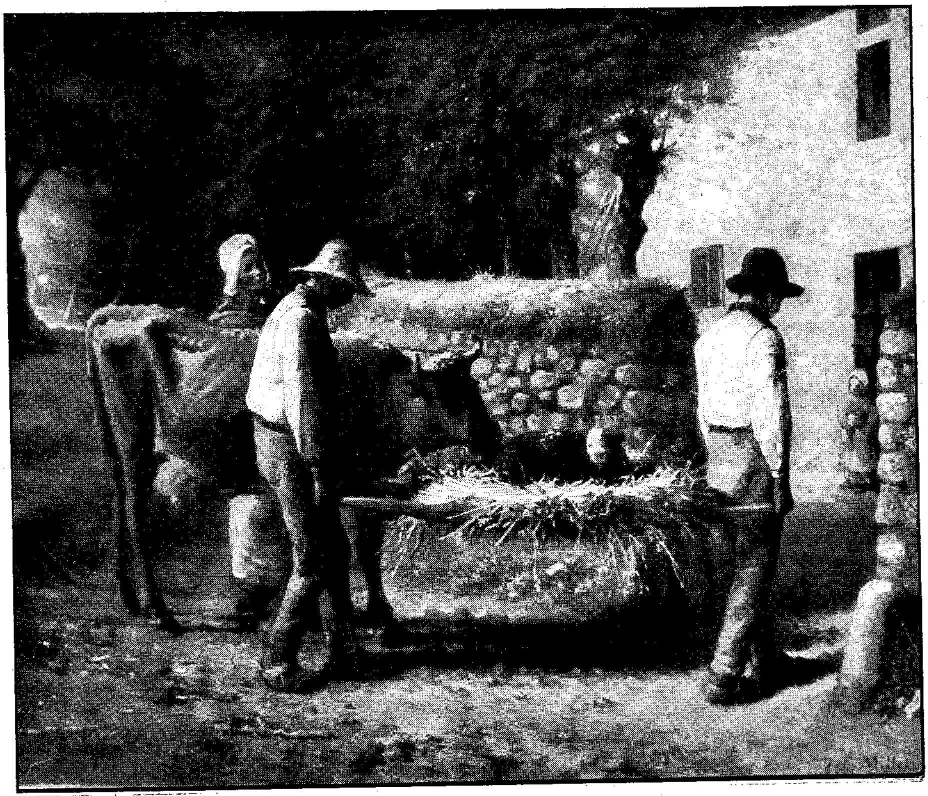
There is one of these night workers who five years ago was a clerk in the rug rooms of the best department store in the city. He came here night after night to study the designing of rugs. Now he himself draws each month dozens of designs for Oriental rugs; these are sent to Persia, and there the proud descendants of Cyrus the Great carry out the designs of Chicago!

These are but a few types from hundreds of stories—or rather beginnings of stories. The stories go on. Many of the former students are already widely known in the world's art centers. As painters: Myron Barlow, H. S. Hubbell, Frederick Marsh, F. C. Friescke, Lawton Parker, Alson Clark. As sculptors: Bessie Potter Vonnoh, George Barnard, Charles Mulligan, Evelyn Longman. As illustrators: Orson Lowell, William Stevens, Albert Sterner, J. C. Leyendecker, Jules Guérin. These are a few of the many.

The influence of this center reaches far, for its normal school has already sent out hundreds of teachers. Some years back a young negro came up from the South and entered the studios here. He worked in both day and night classes and took honors, and then went back to his town in Texas to teach art for humanity's sake, in a lonely little school for colored children. He believes that in the deep, emotional, beauty-loving nature of the negro lie great possibilities for music and art. So he teaches. And so hundreds of other young men and women teach, in outposts large and small springing up all over the North and South and West. And of their thousands of pupils, hundreds, it may be said, develop talent and come here.

They must come here, and keep coming in ever-swelling thousands, for Chicago is the inevitable center of the forty millions in the West. Strange foster-place of Art! Crude, gigantic, melodramatic city—its clouds of black and brown and bluish smoke whirling from trains and ships and factory-chimneys, its vivid flames pouring all night from the flumes of its mills; its long cañon-like street vistas blackened with ever-hurrying crowds of people; its incessant babel—here muffled and nervous and low-throbbing, here clanging, clattering, crashing; its quickening race to make or buy or sell; its endless searching after things, things, things! Prodigious beginnings! Impenetrable future!

And out of all this grows a new home of art, with the same endless searching—after ideals. "We are still in our infancy," said the president.



BRINGING HOME THE NEW-BORN CALF
By J. F. Millet

CREATIVE AMERICANS

EDWARD C. PICKERING AND WILLIAM H. PICKERING

ASTRONOMERS

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

READERS of the daily newspapers may remember about two years ago some passing mention of a scheme proposed by Director Edward Charles Pickering, of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, whereby astronomy should be endowed on an international basis—the organization, in short, of a great astronomical trust "whose objects should be increased production, reduced cost to the public, and no profit to those forming it." The project, like so many others of lesser importance, went its way through the columns of the daily press, and then disappeared from public cognizance, shouldered out of sight by the next day's marching army of news items. Some months later, readers of the newspapers may have also noted the journey of Professor William Henry Pickering, of the same observatory, to Hawaii, there to examine the craters of Mauna Loa, Mauna Kea, Kilakea, and Haleakala, and compare their characteristics with those more distant craters, Eratosthenes and Plato, which his personal researches have done so much to make visible to us on the moon's surface.

These two items may well serve to typify the life and work of the two astronomers. In its broadest aspect their influence may be further summarized by a brief statement of the development of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory during their connection with it. To the wise sympathy of Director Pickering, both for the infinite minutiæ of routine investigations and for the broadest possible application of their results, to his ability to select and develop individual experts in the study of specific subdivisions of the work of the Observatory, and to his administrative skill in directing the investigations of a constantly widening sphere of astronomical study, may be fairly ascribed the present world-wide importance of his observatory for its studies of the physical and chemical properties of the heavenly bodies. The actual reduction of millions of visible stars to less than two dozen distinct types, touching each other in their essential characteristics and constituting an almost complete chain of evolution from a nova, or "new" star, to those whose redness may or may not mean (according to choice between opposing theories) that they are cooling off to a point at which they will cease to be visible, is but one among many of the interesting results of these investigations. At the same time, the Harvard Observatory has become unique among similar institutions in the possession of a photographic history of the entire heavens during the last twenty years, and also noteworthy in that it has already inaugurated the system of administrating funds for the benefit of smaller observatories the world over, which its director is so splendidly anxious to see extended to its furthest limits by the establishment of a large endowment. Concerning this large endowment, it is an interesting side-light on the man and his work that Director Pickering does not necessarily seek the honor of administrating it for his own observatory, university, or even

Nation, but sees instead the possibility of an administrative board representative of all the great observatories without question of location or nationality. Professor W. H. Pickering, on the other hand, has brought fame to the Observatory by his individual investigations of the nearer heavenly bodies, notably of the moon, and has thus materially widened the scope of an institution primarily devoted to knowing the stars rather than the planets, and to investigating the characteristics of thousands of these awfully distant bodies, in the true sense of that misused word, rather than those peculiar and significant markings that the rest of us know from childhood as the Man in the Moon.

Both men were born in Boston. The elder has stayed consistently at home, patiently building up the massive library of photographic star records, enumerating and studying thousands and thousands of these countless pinpoints of brightness in the great pincushion of the heavens, and at the same time developing in every direction the resources of his observatory and working out in detail a noble plan for uniting all astronomical study in one great institution. The younger has traveled, selecting sites for special astronomical investigations and at the same time constantly adding to the world's knowledge of the nearer, and therefore apparently larger, bodies. Their collaboration, springing naturally from divergent tastes united by a common ambition for the advancement of science, has given the Observatory the remarkably wide range of interests that make it the natural starting-point for new and even broader projects—such, for example, aside from the scheme for an international astronomical fund, as the establishment of an international observatory in the heart of Africa at a point already selected because it is probably the best possible location for the very delicate work of astronomical photography. In the public mind, indeed, their names have been more or less interchangeable, despite the fact that the work they stand for has been essentially different. To Director E. C. Pickering the world of astronomy owes the administrative development of a splendid institution equally prominent for specific scientific achievement and for the elaboration of a remarkable ideal of international helpfulness. To Professor W. H. Pickering it owes a widened sphere of astronomical knowledge investigated under conditions almost romantically separate from the routine work of the Observatory with which the results are inseparably connected.

Director Pickering's entrance into astronomy came in 1877, after ten years as a teacher of physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, following two years as teacher of mathematics at the Lawrence Scientific School, from which he had graduated in 1865. His earlier life had shown no astronomical tendency except an aptitude for mathematics and an equal disinclination toward the classical studies that were then inseparable from a college education. The change from Latin and Greek, promptly enough abandoned for mathematics and chemistry as soon as the possibility of becoming a mathematician or scientist drew his attention to the then youthful scientific department of Harvard University, was, in fact, so delightful to the future astronomer that he promptly threw himself into brain fever by overwork. Details, computation, verification, were matters of direct, immediate fascination. To be an acknowledged master of them may be fairly stated as the ideal of the student—an ideal, however, that began to be modified and enlarged, immediately the young man had assumed a responsible teaching position, by the characteristic breadth of outlook that has since marked his administration of the Harvard Observatory. Where ordinarily a man would have been content with conditions as he found them, Professor Pickering has from the beginning looked forward from the concrete to the universal; and where another man might have paused by the way to grasp the commercial possibilities of a scientific discovery, he has gone forward to apply it to purely scholastic uses. Elimination, so often said to be the final test of art, has here done equal service in an equally important phase of human endeavor. Every important scientist has his occasional opportunity for money-making, and the age is not without its examples of men of science whose broadest usefulness has been sadly crippled by yielding to this incidental temptation.

These characteristics, the vital human elements that underlie his entire service to astronomy, both investigative and administrative, are well illustrated by two important achievements during his period as a teacher of physics at the Institute of Technology. When he entered the Institute, instruction, even in the now almost wholly experimental science of physics, was entirely by lectures and text-books. The student laboratory, which has become the most essential factor in scientific education wherever such education is now carried on, was absolutely unknown. Professor Pickering, in organizing and putting in successful operation the first physical laboratory for students, began a transformation that has since literally revolutionized scientific teaching. And in this laboratory, moreover, six years before Mr. Bell invented the telephone, Professor Pickering had evolved what was in many respects the receiving apparatus of the instrument, and was using it as an illustration in his lectures on sound. Although this apparatus was capable of receiving articulate speech from an appreciable distance, no effort was made to patent it. It was his belief then, as it still remains his belief, despite the fact that no man stands more firmly for the application of business methods to scientific administration, that the work of the scientist is apart from commerce, belonging to the world at large, without question of patents and royalties.

Astronomy at the Harvard Observatory was at this period in a state of transition. The first stellar photograph had been taken in 1850 by Professor Bond; and Professor Draper, although photography was still handicapped by the necessity of using wet plates, had made the earliest photographs of star spectra and so laid a foundation for the important departments of astrophysics that have since been so highly developed at the Cambridge Observatory. To those who could see far enough into the future it was evident that astronomy must enter new fields of observation, that the visual seeing, the infinite recording and comparison of visually observed phenomena that had given its best results in the past, must make way for newer and more intimately scientific methods; that the possibility of dividing the light of a star into a spectrum revealing the component elements of that distant incandescent body had brought new sciences to bear on astronomical investigation; and that the astronomer of the immediate future, so far as the Harvard Observatory was concerned, must be also a chemist and physicist. This was perhaps clearer to the far-seeing mind of President Eliot than to any other observer. At all events, when the death of Professor Winlock left the Harvard Observatory without a head, Professor Pickering was called to the directorship. Despite the advice of leading physicists who strenuously insisted that he was throwing away a dozen years of advance in one direction to start afresh in another, he promptly accepted the position, becoming at once an astronomer and an astrophysicist. At about the same time his younger brother, now Professor W. H. Pickering, had just graduated from the Institute and returned to it as an instructor in photography, remaining there until, in 1887, he joined forces with the elder Pickering at the Harvard Observatory. It was during the latter part of his time at the Institute that the photographs of the stars, taken with a small camera by Professor W. H. Pickering, first indicated the possibilities of widely extending stellar photography. These photographs, it so happened, were taken at his brother's observatory in Cambridge, and may therefore be fairly considered as the beginning of the movement that a few years later was including the photographing of the entire firmament.

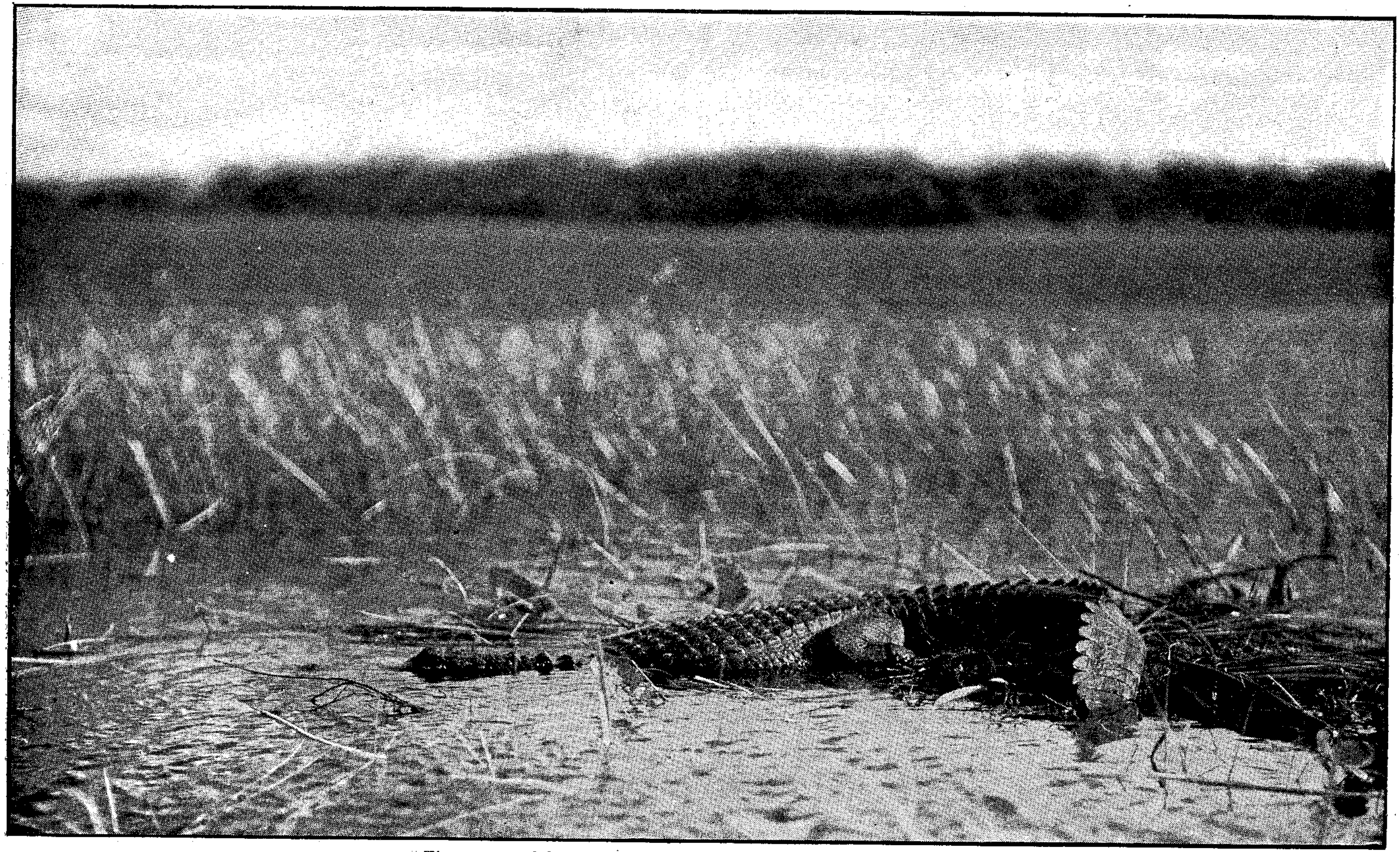
Professor W. H. Pickering, therefore, brought to the Observatory, at a time when Director E. C. Pickering was turning serious attention to the possibility of a complete development of photography as applied to stellar observation, an expert knowledge of this new science of photography, then, by the discovery of dry plates, just entering its present wide field of utility. Both men, so far as individual human nature permits, were scientists in the spirit that Director Pickering describes as superior to any demand except the increase of human knowledge. The true aim, he has said, of the student of science is "the advancement of human knowledge and the determination of the laws regulating the universe. His sole object should be to obtain the best possible results, and he must be ready to make any sacrifice of his personal wishes for this end. Astronomy thus becomes international and wholly impersonal. To how many of us is this the one and only aim, regardless of all selfish considerations? We must not expect too much of poor human nature, and yet it can do no harm to make our ideal a high one. No man is likely to surpass his ideal, and even if it is so high that he cannot hope to reach it, he may go further than if he tries only for money or fame. The aims of the astronomer thus become the aims of astronomy, and there is no subject to which he can better give careful attention."

The fact remains, however, that a man must do his work after his own fashion, and in the collaboration of Director Pickering and his brother each cheerfully admits that the other has accomplished a kind of work which his colleague would under any circumstances have done less successfully. If Director Pickering has been responsible for the finding of new stars—and of the new stars discovered in the last two decades nine out of twelve have been located by either Mrs. W. P. Fleming or Miss H. A. Leavitt by examination of the photographic plates at Harvard—Professor Pickering has been responsible for new locations for astronomical observation. Always fond of outdoor exercise, especially walking and mountain-climbing, and equally attracted by travel and change of scene, Professor W. H. Pickering has to his credit the selection of a long list of astronomical stations, some of them chosen for temporary researches by Harvard astronomers and later utilized as permanent locations for other observatories, while others have become permanent stations of the Harvard Observatory. For Professor Percival Lowell he erected the observatory and telescope at Flagstaff, Arizona, which has since become famous through the work of its Director in studying the Martian canals. For the Harvard Observatory he established in 1891 its permanent southern station at Arequipa, Peru, where the Harvard instruments were able to include the stars of the southern heavens and so complete the work of the northern observatory by making its photographic record embrace the entire firmament. In 1900 he established the Harvard Astronomical Station in Mandeville, Jamaica, for the special purpose of a closer study of the moon's surface. Naturally, too, he has been the leader of various expeditions sent out from Harvard for the study of special phases of astronomy depending on special conditions. He has thus observed eclipses of the sun in Colorado, Grenada, California, Chile, and Georgia—all of which means more than astronomical knowledge, for it includes knowledge of men, diplomacy, and often the resource and quick decision of the explorer. And incidentally, sometimes without regard to the main issues of astronomy, sometimes in the quest of a good location for an observatory, he has ascended something more than a hundred mountain peaks, including Half Dome in the Yosemite and El Misti in the Andes.

Although Professor W. H. Pickering's name is to-day most closely associated with lunar investigation, his actual astronomical work is by no means confined to that planet. His discoveries include the Great Spiral Nebula in Orion; the rotation of Swift's Comet in 1892; the ellipticity and rotation period of the satellites of Jupiter; the ninth and tenth satellites of Saturn; and a long list of lesser miscellaneous discoveries almost any one of which would give his name a permanent place in the annals of astronomy. As an inventor he has done much to improve and perfect the mechanism of both photographic and visual astronomy—and this, it may be added, with no effort to turn his inventive faculty to commercial purposes. It would be entirely safe to say that no other astronomer has ever supervised the examination, both visually and in the permanence of the photographic negative, of so many stars as the Director of the Harvard Observatory. Few men, if there have been any at all, have looked at the heavens from more observatories where climatic conditions are especially well suited to delicate observation, than Professor W. H. Pickering. As a natural result of such conditions, the work of the older astronomer, permanently located in the midst of his constantly increasing library of star photographs and spending night after night studying the heavens for data as to the physical properties, magnitude, and movements of every visible star, has expressed itself in the accumulation of facts more or less common to the countless shining atoms of the celestial universe; while the work of the younger, traveling from station to station and visiting in turn so many places where conditions for "seeing" are especially in favor of the astronomer, has naturally devoted itself to the nearer bodies—to the moon particularly, to Mars in a lesser degree, and to the other planets whose neighborly relation to the earth has always given them, incidentally, a marked popular interest. The Harvard Observatory in its studies of the solar system has thus developed a sphere of interest widely separated from the science of astrophysics as applied to the endless army of the stars.

Yet, after all, the living spirit that breathes in this wider field of sympathy and understanding must be very largely attributed to the personality of Director Pickering himself. As a great and important research institution, in which capacity it is the only one in the world that is part of an educational center and at the same time on a par with the famous government-supported observatories of America, England, or Germany, the Harvard Observatory has profited by the whole-hearted co-operation of a remarkably efficient staff of astronomers whose individual achievements cannot, unfortunately, find space in this article. But this staff has been largely of Director Pickering's making; the big outlines of the work of the Observatory as a whole have been his outlines; the direction of the two observatories, one at Cambridge and the other at Arequipa, has been his direction, obviously impossible without the highly specialized skill of his assistants, but equally so without the fundamental ability to find and develop them. The Cambridge institution, moreover, has often loaned its instruments for investigations not conducted under its own auspices; its director, on more than one occasion, has surprised a capitalist by seeking financial assistance for outside astronomical research that could by no stretch of the imagination add to the fame or equipment of his own observatory; and the administration of funds bequeathed to the Harvard Observatory for astronomical purposes has been often interpreted with sufficient broadness to include any sincere worker who needed financial assistance to complete an important study.

To have captured photographically the first spectrum of a shooting star, the first spectrum of the aurora borealis, or the first spectrum of a flash of lightning; to have revealed definitely and conclusively certain characteristics common to our own earth and a neighboring planet; to have added thousands of new stars to our catalogue of the heavens, or to have increased by ever so little our human knowledge of a single one of these innumerable children of infinity—these are only a few of the interests of modern astronomy, and to the astronomer of pretty nearly the same importance. The making of men, both by personal influence and by adding to the world as a whole tangible examples of high living and thinking and of consistent devotion to any given form of usefulness, is not always taken into consideration in summing up an individual record. In the case of these men such separation is out of the question, for the personal equation has been, as for that matter it invariably is, a vital factor in producing successful work. Nor can the individual characteristics be separated in summing up the ideals and practical record of the institution that the one has made, as it now stands, by force of his own administrative faculty and scientific breadth of vision, and that the other has recently established even more prominently than before in the public mind by his specific investigations.



" The creature slid into the water so quietly as to cause scarcely a ripple "

A HUNT FOR BABY ALLIGATORS

BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

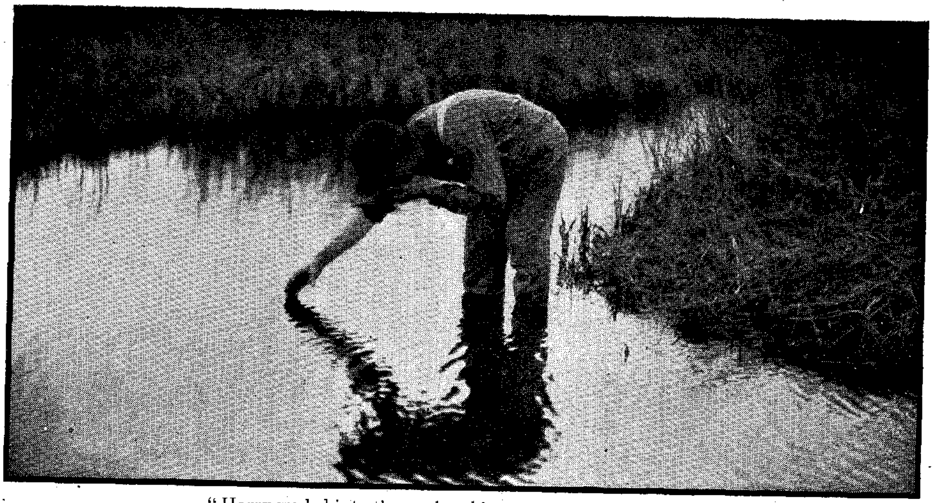
WITH weary minds and aching legs the boys returned at night. They had crossed marshes, waded prairie pools, and walked through pine forests and palmetto scrub the day long looking for little 'gators. Johnson wanted a young saurian. He was a biologist, likewise a tenderestfoot. There are degrees of tenderfoots. I am a tenderfoot myself, but not of the superlative degree. Johnson—well, he was superlative.

When the boys went out the next morning, Johnson and I went too. We started twice. The first time my friend stepped on the gunwale of the skiff in getting aboard. He failed to get aboard, but he did get a ducking! He could reel off Latin scientific names by the yard, but he never could learn the difference between the cat-head and the bight of a rope, on the boat in which we were cruising along the Gulf coast of Florida.

At first we had a scramble through a mangrove swamp which lined the shore. The mangrove's tangled mass of roots is above the ground, while nearly reaching down to them from above are the spreading, interlocking branches. Connecting the two are long, straight shoots called aerial rootlets. These, coming from the limbs above, take root in the soil beneath, serving at once to anchor the tree and make nearly impassable the swamp. A well-developed mangrove swamp is about as easy to cross as a jungle of barbed-wire fences, the trees being as obstructive as the wires, and the mosquitoes quite as sharp-toothed as the barbs and much more frequent. We got through without the use of any bad language. The perspiration was streaming down Johnson's face. He looked about twice as hot as I felt, and that was not exactly cool—but then Johnson was a superlative kind of man. For an hour we tramped through a marsh, the boys leading the way and breaking a path through the tall grass. A shrill whir sounded in front. Although it was my first rattlesnake, I intuitively knew the sound. The next instant there was the bang of the gun, and that danger was over. Mine was the face to blanch that time, for I am more afraid of snakes than I am of the devil. Half an hour later I nearly jumped over the man behind me, as I suddenly discovered a discarded snakeskin under my feet. The jump came first, and the inquiry into the age of the thing afterwards.

By the time that the rays of old Sol had neared the vertical, and had become correspondingly hot, we reached the pine woods. Now, there may be places hotter than Florida pine-land, even in this world, but I doubt it. Johnson wilted after the first hundred yards. He sat down and viciously swatted the mosquitoes. Then he wanted to know if we had any idea where we were going, or where we were, or how we could get back. The guides came to the rescue and cheerfully assured him that Bear Lake was less than a quarter of a mile away. I knew enough of that region to know what kind of a quarter that was, but it didn't seem necessary to enlighten my friend. We reached it two hours later. Johnson said that he was dead, but he wasn't that lucky, for he continued to fight the mosquitoes.

On the shore of the lake we found a boat made from dry-goods boxes. This was the trail of some 'gator hunter. The sun had opened the seams until the whole thing looked like a chicken coop. The boys were boat-builders enough to be able to calk the craft, while I sup-



" Harry waded into the pool and began grunting where one of the midgets had gone down, hands outstretched to grab him "

" There was a quick lunge forward, and he held up to view a captive that squirmed and grunted "

" The mud was not waist deep, and the boys walked around without sign of effort " plied the calking material from a wardrobe already scanty. We paddled around Bear Lake, but could find no little saurians. Even grown ones were few. It is a waste of time to follow on the trail of a skin-hunter.

"Evidently I must do without a specimen of the Mississippi alligator. I wish that it were possible to do without that walk, too, between here and the boat," said Johnson.

"I don't know nothin' about the Mississippi, no more 'n a rabbit, but I kin find you a little 'gator, and mighty near here too, if you'll let me go look," said Harry.

"You and William go ahead and look, while Mr. Johnson and I wait for you here; only don't get lost, for we never could find our way back," said I.

Around and near Bear Lake are a series of pools, or really mud-holes; these the boys began to explore, walking around the edge of the pools to look for the trails of the comings and the goings of the saurians, or for their sun-baths. Alligators are experienced travelers over land, especially during the dry season, when small pools dry up and they are forced to seek other quarters. Hunters become expert trailers and can follow the creatures with ease and certainty. In walking the 'gator rarely lifts his tail clear of the ground, and in soft mud it leaves a continuous line; while the belly, barely clearing, mashes down the grass. The size of the feet vary according to the size of the critter, and a hunter will tell you the approximate length of the maker of the footprints, always carefully adding, "If he ain't a stub-tail." Lest the argot of the region be to you as Sanscrit is to me, I will explain that a "stub-tail" is a 'gator who has lost part of his tail, probably in a fight with a larger relative.

Before long Harry returned and reported success, asking if we didn't want to see him catch the youngsters which he had located in a pool not very far away.

No 'gator, large or small, can resist a peculiar call that resembles the grunt of a pig. Let a hunter grunt a few times at the side of a pond, and if there is an alligator in it, he will slowly raise his head above the surface and gaze curiously around. An old and very shy one can sometimes resist, for sad experience has taught him that bullets are liable to greet his appearance above the water.

As we approached the pool a number of little heads dotted the surface, only to disappear when we reached the bank. Harry had spotted the location of each with the exactness of hunter-craft. He waded into the pool and began grunting where one of the midgets had gone down, hand outstretched to grab the youngster before he discovered his danger. In a minute the water began to quiver, the boy's muscles stiffened, he made a quick lunge forward, and held up to view a captive that squirmed and grunted and opened and shut his jaws with vicious snaps.

Johnson viewed the victim with eyes biologic, but to me only the fun of the thing appealed. I knew that I could do it too. I tried. The mud was not waist-deep, and the boys walked around without sign of effort, so I plunged in. It was mere pride that kept me from scrambling back after the first step. The mud was soft and sticky, and slowly I sank. The more I floundered the lower I sank. My past life passed in mental review. I thought good-bys and wondered how long it took to smother. I looked down expecting to see the water at my armpits, but it had not reached my waist, and the sinking had stopped! To go back was to face certain laughter, while to go forward might only be death. I went forward.

"Take it easier," said William; "don't struggle, and don't put your feet down so hard."

Excellent advice. Tell a drowning man not to sink, that you will reach him in a few minutes. It will be as easy for him to wait for you as it would have been for me to walk and not "put my feet down so hard." I reached the disappearing place of a 'gator and began to grunt. Probably I didn't speak his dialect, for he didn't come up. William came out and spoke 'gator talk, and the water shivered. I grabbed—and squalled! Now Harry had caught his animal just behind the fore legs, but I thought that he had grabbed promiscuous like, the

"Sometimes the youngsters would refuse to rise even after the most realistic of grunts. Harry would feel around in the soft ooze—"

"Slowly the recalcitrant creature was lifted to the surface of the water on the toe of his boot—"

"And grabbed"

which I had done. I caught my youngster around the hind legs. He turned and caught me around the thumb, sinking his needle teeth to their full length. After that I let the boys do the catching, for I had learned how.

Sometimes the youngsters would refuse to rise even after the most realistic of grunts. This did not always save them, as Harry would feel around in the soft ooze with his foot until the little cub was located. Then slowly the recalcitrant creature was lifted to the surface of the water on the toe of his boot, and grabbed.

We tied the babies' jaws together with pieces of string, and began distributing them around in our pockets for the return trip. I had left my pockets in the calking of the boat, and so carried my share in a shirt-waist front. This was all right while they kept quiet.

"The old one is around here somewheres," suggested Harry.

"Go ahead and find her, then," said I.

There were a number of trails leading from this pool to adjacent ones. Selecting the most traveled-looking one, Harry followed it to a small pond. Stealthily approaching, he discovered Madame 'Gator and one of her babies asleep on their sun-bath. It may here be in order to say that Monsieur and the baby would lie down in peace and harmony only when the one was comfortably inside of the other. At the lubberly approach of Johnson and myself the creatures awoke and slid into the water so quietly as to cause scarcely a ripple. Instead of grunting for the lost 'gators, Harry took one of the youngsters from his pocket, and by a little judicious squeezing caused it to call for its mammy. Mammy answered at once. Right here Harry discreetly stopped, for alligators do sometimes attack people, and will come out on land to do it too.

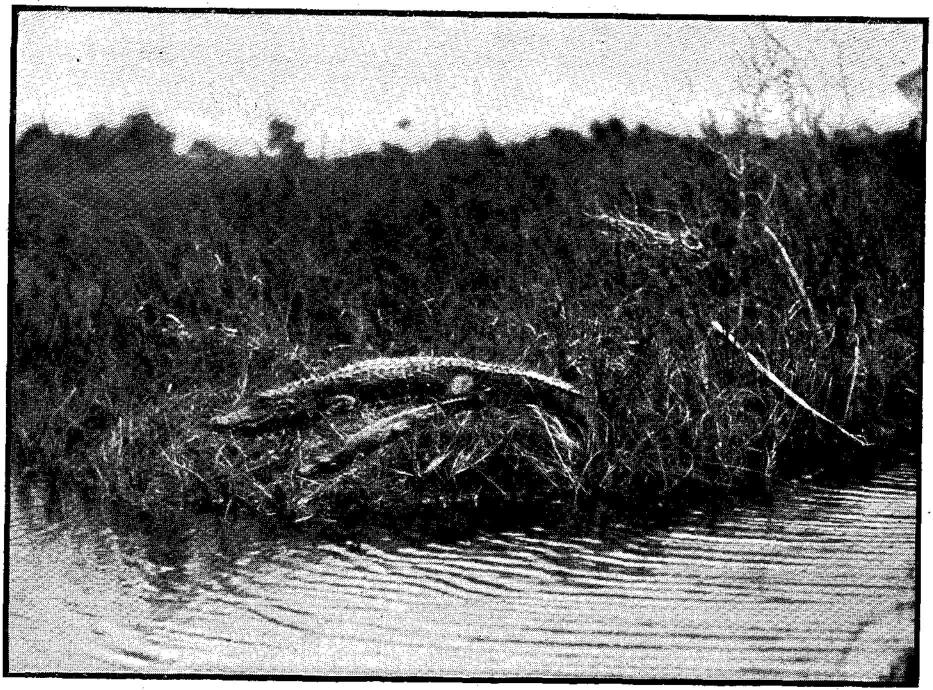
On the homeward tramp Harry told us tales of his encounters with Big John and Mose, both saurians of local celebrity. The chance to get Big John came to him one night when he and his brother were out fire-hunting. For some unaccountable reason the creature allowed the boys to get very near to him. When Harry's brother saw the size of

"The mangrove's tangled mass of roots is above the ground, while nearly reaching down to them from above are the spreading, interlocking branches"

"John," he yelled at Harry not to shoot. The reptile, taking fright at the sound of the voice, sank out of sight, thus having perhaps the narrowest escape of its life, for if Harry had been alone he would have got him.

From a safe distance of time I considered the brother's conduct to be quite reprehensible and evincing much cowardice. My own behavior on a similar occasion is forgotten beneath an avalanche of mortification. A big saurian—and he really was mighty big—took the bow of my skiff in his jaws. His tooth broke, his hold loosened, and I shouted to my boatman, not, "Don't shoot," but, "Put me ashore quick!" Then I climbed a tree.

The homeward journey was like the morning's trip, only more so. Before we reached the mangroves the sun had gone down and it was as black as a hat. The additional crop of mosquitoes quite compensated for the lesser heat of the sun. The finding of the way will always rank among miracles with me. Johnson quickly got beyond comments, while only the determination to impress him kept me going. We reached the boat much too tired to eat. The weather was warm, and we were sleeping on deck. As the one that still had flutterings of life, I brought Johnson's mattress and bedding on deck. I even rigged his bar. Johnson fell asleep as I tucked it around him. My bluff was over; not for all the mosquitoes on Cape Sable would I have rigged another bar. I dropped to the deck and to sleep, for I too am a tenderfoot.



"He discovered Madame 'Gator and one of her babies asleep on their sun-bath"

THE LEADERS OF THE RED HOST

BY O. D. SKELTON

A FEW months ago the Kaiser was making a royal progress through a Prussian city. The vigilant secret police who were clearing the way before him came on an old applewoman sitting by the curb under the shade of an ample red umbrella. Immediately the old woman, apple-cart, umbrella, and all, were hustled away to a side street, lest perchance in the midst of the pomp and glitter and glory the Imperial eye should fall on the hated color and the Imperial temper be ruffled. The German police know the Hohenzollern way too well to follow the grim Egyptian plan of thrusting forward the skeleton at the feast.

With us in America, Socialism and the Socialist movement are as yet chiefly a problem of the future, though it may be the immediate future. But in Europe Socialism is a very present reality. It fills the political horizon as no other movement for a century past. Where it is not the dominant party, it is the party which the dominant party opposes—it provides the issues. The character and personality of the leaders of this red host may prove of momentous consequence. Nearly all are men of outstanding individuality, men who might be filling the seats of the mighty in officialdom, were they not dedicated to perpetual opposition. It is true, the orthodox Marxian Socialist would insist that Socialism is not the outcome of any individual's brain or any party leader's energy and magnetism, but the inevitable and irresistible sequence of the present organization of capitalist society. Yet it seems undeniable that much of the success of German Socialism, for example, may be set down to the astute and able guidance of its great leaders, just as much of the failure of American Socialism as yet to secure any definite permanent standing in the political field is due to the lack of strong personalities to attract and hold a great following, to give concreteness and concentration to the movement. Narrow doctrinaires, dilettante literary men, are not the stuff that popular leaders are made of.

Germany calls first for attention—the land where scientific Socialism had its birth and has to-day its greatest development both in theory and in popular support. For in spite of the check received in the recent khaki elections, the Social Democrats still poll twice as many votes as any other party in Germany. The check, too, was more seeming than real; though the party lost nearly half its seats, it gained a quarter-million votes. The causes of this paradoxical situation are various. The gerrymandering and hiving which have always handicapped the party—one agrarian vote outweighs four Socialist—operated with especial force on this occasion to nullify the gains made. The conservative forces succeeded in sinking their differences better than usual in face of the common red peril, and redeemed many seats with which their dissension had presented the Socialists. But chiefly the stay-at-home vote, middle-class and peasant, rallied to the Chancellor's appeal to their German national spirit and overwhelmed the anti-Imperial and anti-Colonial Reds—a result which incidentally is bringing the conservative leaders to see the virtues of compulsory voting proposals. The vote indicates, on the whole, not so much that Socialism is losing its grip on the working classes as that it is further from the goal of complete conquest than its leaders imagined.

Of the men who have marshaled this host, built it strong in persecution, and held it firm in prosperity, August Bebel is easily the chief. For forty years this spare, wiry, keen-featured man has been in the forefront of the fight, until now his ascendency over the party, despite occasional rumblings and differences on questions of tactics, is so complete that, as von Vollmar charged in a recent Congress debate, not Wilhelm II. himself is so autocratic. He is the one great figure of the past still on the stage where once Marx and Lassalle, Engels and Liebknecht, played their parts. But he is not an old man yet, Bebel the ever young as his followers call him. When debate runs high in the Reichstag, there is no more agile or tireless figure than this white-haired and white-bearded man of sixty-six. His political career began early. Working as a turner in Leipzig in the sixties, he had his thoughts turned to social questions by contact with the misery and poverty of the workingmen around him. Curiously, it was not until after he had himself emerged from the proletariat, and as a master turner was exploiting other wage-earners, that he became a Socialist—perhaps not so curiously either, since most leaders of Socialism have been recruited from the ranks of the Haves rather than the Have-nots. Under Liebknecht's inspirations, he helped organize the Social Democratic party at Eisenach in 1869. The same year he was elected to the Diet, and has been in Parliament or in prison ever since. His openly avowed sympathy with the French Socialists in the early seventies, and his fearless criticism of the powers that were at home, led to his conviction on charges of treason and lèse-majesté and imprisonment for three years altogether. After this recommendation from the Imperial authorities, his prestige became irresistible. On the local hustings, in the annual congress of the faithful, in the ever-growing ranks of the party in the Reichstag, he has been ever since the most persuasive and commanding figure. No fear of lèse-majesté blunts the fierce rapier-thrusts of his criticism of the policy of a Hohenlohe or a von Bülow or whatever other mask the Kaiser wears, his denunciations of all other isms than Socialism—Imperialism and Colonialism, Militarism and Marinism and Protectionism. He is easily the most eloquent orator and hardest-hitting debater in the Reichstag. He is not of imposing figure, but is gifted with a voice of rare mellow quality and a countenance of magnetic attraction when passion has banished the expression of weary melancholy habitual in repose. His speech is terse and vigorous, driven home with tremendous earnestness—one-sided and intemperate, it may be, compelling assent rather than persuading it.

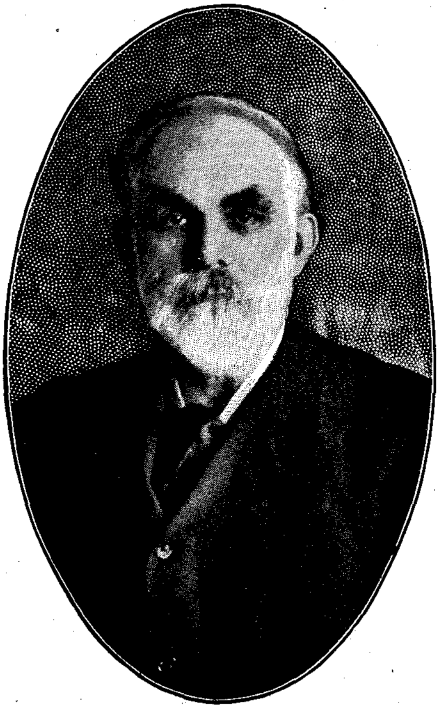
Then there is Paul Singer, pre-eminently the strategist of the party, and a millionaire manufacturer before he became a convert to collectivism. He has for years been chairman of the standing orders committee of the Reichstag, this arch-revolutionary, charged with maintaining a strict observance of the traditional forms and ceremonies of Parliament. In South Germany the striking figure is von Vollmar, a Bavarian army officer who served in 1866 and 1870, was wounded in the latter war in a daring exploit which brought him the Iron Cross and a long convalescence, during which he became interested in social questions and finally in Socialism. As a Catholic he has resisted and succeeded largely in repressing the earlier hostility of his party towards the Church, and as a South German has urged the necessity of adopting an agrarian policy which will appeal to the small peasant farmer of the South. On the literary side the leading men are Karl Kautsky, editor of Die Neue Zeit and chief high priest of the esoteric Marxian doctrine, and in the wing Edward Bernstein, leader of the revisionist movement, which is the higher criticism of the gospel according to Marx.

It is now eight years since Bernstein—like Marx of Jewish descent, and, like Marx, brought to see the light by long exile in England—set his party by the

PAUL SINGER
Germany

ENGELBERT PERNERSTORFER
Austria

JULES GUESDE
France



JOHN BURNS
England

ears through his attacks on the most cherished doctrines of "scientific Socialism." He impugned the economic analysis on which the whole theoretical system was built up. He pointed to the failure of the Marxian prophecies; he called in question the wisdom of the Marxian tactics in these changed times. To understand the full damnableness of this heresy, it is necessary to realize the almost superstitious reverence which had come to attach to Marx's writings. The essence of his doctrines is familiar, but may be briefly recalled in its historic setting. The political restlessness of Germany in the forties gave him a revolutionary, proletarian bias. England, then outdistancing the world in industrial progress, showed him the capitalistic form that production was taking, and an English banker-economist, Ricardo, gave him the labor theory of value, from which he drew the deduction that, while labor is the source of all wealth, in competitive society the laborer's wages are not the full product of his labor, but, thanks to the operation of the iron law of wages, merely the minimum necessary to keep body and soul together, the difference, under the name of surplus value, being appropriated by the wicked capitalist. From the Hegelians of the left Marx got his key to past history—the idea that the political and social and religious structure of every stage of human society is determined by the mode of economic production of the time; from the Hegelian dialectic, too, came his theory that future progress could take place only by class struggle. From these conceptions his system followed: the goal, the collective ownership of all the means of production, corresponding to the collective working of the modern era; the means, class war—the proletariat, sinking deeper and deeper in misery and joined therein by the great majority of the middle class, finally were to be stung to desperation by their wretchedness and wrest the power from the hands of the few capitalist millionaires in control; the tactics, to let the inevitable doom of present society work out its speedy end, the worse the better, and to organize the Socialist army to step into the breach after the collapse.

It was a remarkably well-jointed doctrine, irrefutable once its premises were granted, and admirably adapted to propaganda purposes. At once Socialism became identical with Marxism; the early theories of the Utopists were abandoned. But the world has moved since 1867, and now its most progressive adherents feel that Socialism must move with it or be cast on the scrap-heap of discarded theories. In every country in Europe the party is rent by the revisionist movement, but in none so deeply as in Germany. On the side of the orthodox creed stand Bebel and Kautsky and Singer; the revisionists are headed by Bernstein the thinker, Vollmar the politician, and Auer the organizer. Bernstein grants only a limited validity to the labor theory of value and the theory of surplus value, shows that Marx's prophecy of the general sinking of the middle class into the proletariat and the further degradation of the proletariat itself has been disproved by the facts of increasing welfare of the working class in all lands and the tenacious grip of the bourgeois on his accustomed place. The concentration of industry, he further objects, has not meant concentration of ownership, for the joint stock corporation, to whose rôle Marx was strangely blind, has resulted in a widening of the ownership of great industries, so that one great corporation may have over seventy thousand stockholders.

The dispute is no mere hairsplitting about words: the practical tactics of the party are involved. Accepting the Marxian forecast, the coming revolution would work itself out by the momentum of deep-seated, impersonal economic forces which no conscious political actions on the surface could greatly hinder or greatly help. All that the Socialist party could do was to rouse the class consciousness of the proletariat and prepare it to take the reins the morning after the downfall of capitalism. It followed that no good Marxian could ally himself with a bourgeois party or palter with partial reforms which would only tend to patch and bolster up the rotten bourgeois structure and by reconciling the proletariat to its lot prevent that final spasm of despair which was to usher in the new earth. It was, in their view of affairs, all or nothing.

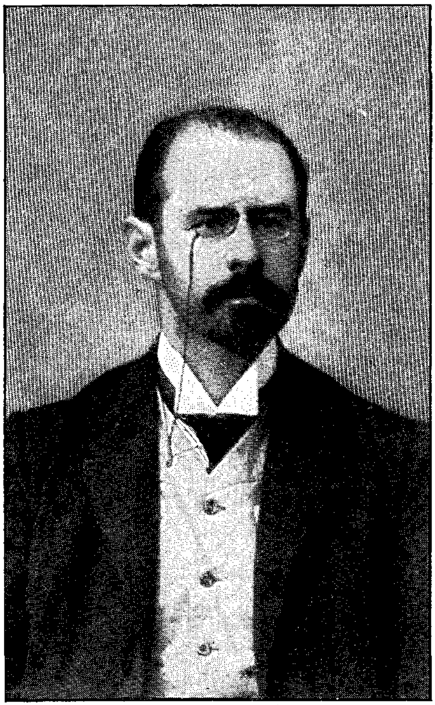
But the proletariat is not philosophic. It cannot be persuaded, once it has been roused to its wrongs and to its power, to sit with folded hands while the slow evolution of the ages works out the salvation of the coming time. Gradually, as the dawning of the kingdom of Socialism on earth, which Marx had predicted, came not, a change came over the spirit of German Socialistic thought comparable to the modification of early Christian theology by the delay of the second advent. Lassalle once declared that workingmen were no longer to be put off with checks on the Bank of Heaven; neither, it seems, are they content with checks on the Bank of the Future Socialistic State.

H. M. HYNDMAN
England

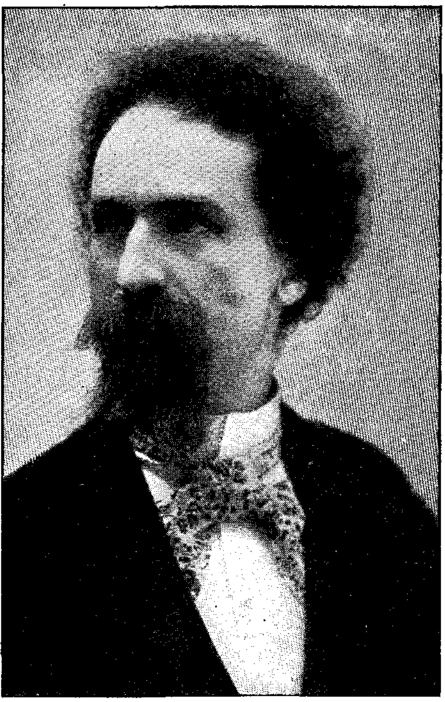
Accordingly, the practical men of the movement, as the revisionists term themselves, have been demanding that the Social Democratic party no longer content itself with a waiting negative policy, but go in for positive reform, make alliances when need be with other progressive parties, accept office if to the common advantage, and, in short, begin here and now to secure Socialism on the installment plan.

AUGUST BEBEL
Germany

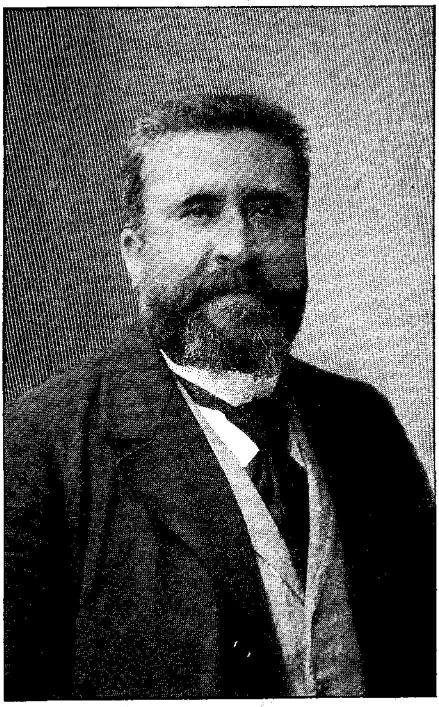
The logic of the situation is with the revisionists. That it is impossible to hold the support of the working classes without securing some tangible reforms is obvious. But, further, Socialism is paying the penalty of success—gaining the whole German world by losing its Marxian soul. Inevitably, as the party widens, its doctrines spread out thinner; it is coming to be a commonplace Radical opposition. Under its banner range all the democratic forces that are weary of the Hohenzollern-Junker rule. While the registered membership of the party is four hundred thousand, it cast over three million votes at the last election, a large percentage coming from the middle classes. It is difficult, too, for a Socialist leader always to remember to be class-conscious when, as is most often the case, he is a university professor or editor or doctor or lawyer or capitalist converted at the eleventh hour. With both leaders and rank and file thus changing, the platform must also change.



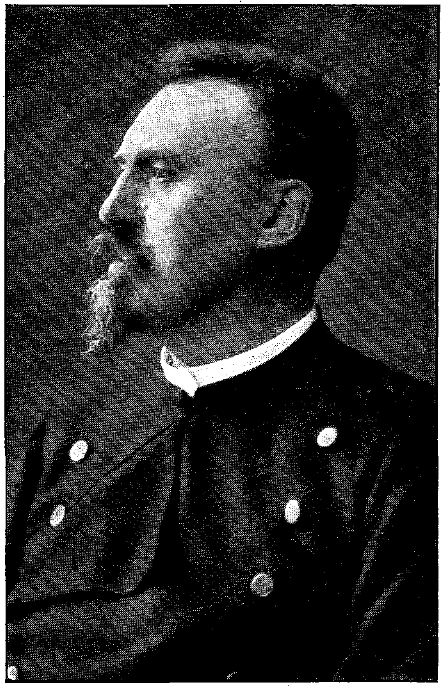
ÉMILE VANDERVELDE
Belgium



ENRICO FERRI
Italy



JEAN JAURÈS
France



GEORG H. VON VOLLMAR
Germany

So far as the minimum programme goes, the transition has already come; there is scarce a word in it to which the average voter in either party in the United States could not say Amen. Formally, the party congress has thus far refused, under Bebel's magnetic influence, to recognize the changed situation. But practically, through change of emphasis less mortifying to consistency than change of form, the new tactics are being accepted by the majority, and by none more than the greatest opportunist of them all, August Bebel.

Every country gets the Socialists it deserves. For all his cosmopolitanism, the Socialist is unable to escape the molding force of his national environment. It is no mere accident that while in German Socialism interest has centered about theories, and in English about measures, in French Socialism it has centered about men. Till a year or two ago the history of the French Socialist movement was a weary record of factional and personal strife between Broussists and Blanquists, Guesdists and Allemanists, and all the other fleeting, shifting fractions into which that unlucky fissiparous party was divided. But at last practically all have been gathered into a single party with two clearly marked wings—revolutionary and opportunist—and, though still at odds among themselves, present a fairly united front to the outer world.

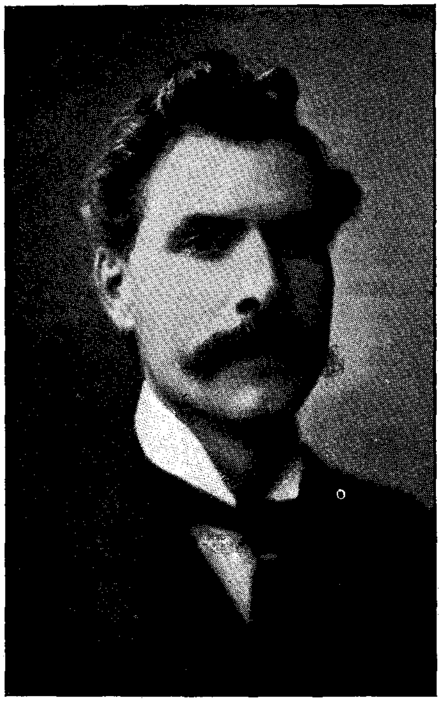
In France as in Germany orthodox Marxian and heterodox revisionist stand face to face. The leader of the one wing is Jules Guesde, of the other Jean Jaurès. Look at the faces of the two men and see if politics is not largely a matter of temperament; one could almost read the political programme of each in his face. Look at Jaurès, the opportunist, at his square shoulders, his square jaws, his wide nostrils fairly snorting with the joy of life and the lust of battle, his restless, sparkling, good-humored eyes, the lips scarcely restraining the flood of speech that presses from within, a face that reveals full-blooded intensity, sympathy, imagination, yet essentially practical, even commonplace; in fact, a typical bourgeois face, but a bourgeois "touched with emotion." One is not surprised to learn that he has been a professor of philosophy, or that he is the most brilliant orator in France, or that he has made a fortune of late years as a clothing merchant. Contrast Jules Guesde, leader of the Implacable and Incorruptible Old Guard of Irreconcilables; a face that witnesses sincerity and narrowness in every line, eyes that have seen more evil than good in this weary world, and hate the evil more than they hope for the good; thin lips that will prophesy woe and send a shiver up bourgeois spines. It is the face of a man of one idea, spurning compromise as he would the devil, a man built of the stuff martyrs are made of, who would go to the stake rather than sacrifice one comma of his creed, who, had he been born a few centuries ago, would have founded a monastic order of unparalleled asceticism and proselytizing zeal.

Jaurès unites the politician and the academician in unusual degree. Twenty years or more ago, when but a stripling, he was a lecturer in philosophy in the University of Toulouse. He was elected in 1885 to the Chamber of Deputies as a Conservative Republican, and rapidly made his way to the front of that left center party. Defeat at the polls four years later sent him back to the University. While completing his studies for his doctorate there, he became more and more radical in his views, and when he re-entered the Chamber in 1893 it was under the Socialist banner. At once his breadth of view, his political adroitness, his ability as a leader of men, gave him high place in the ranks of his new associates, and every year since has strengthened his hold. It is perhaps as an orator that Jaurès has served his party best. As an orator of the impassioned, somewhat flamboyant type, France has not seen his equal since that other son of the South, Gambetta, whom he resembles in many points. He never speaks without raising the level of the debate above personalities to principles. His voice is rather harsh and metallic, and his quick gestures are of a monotonous sameness, but you forget that in a moment, captivated by the glow and fervor of the words that pour out in torrential eloquence. His speeches are one quick bioscopic succession of images; he thinks in metaphors, reasons by visualizing his ideal. The flight of eloquence soars higher and higher as he is carried away by his own enthusiasm, or stirred to combat by taunts from the Right. Perhaps when it is all over, and the cheers and the counter-cheers have died away, if you boiled down its airy generalities and sonorous declamations, the solid residue would not be great. But who wants to boil down oratory like that of Jaurès?

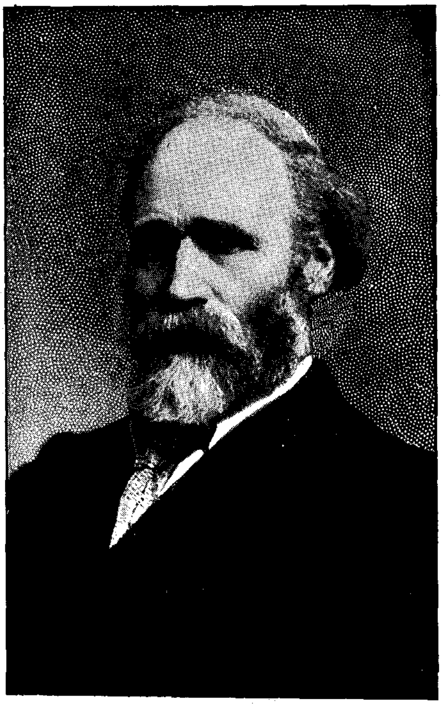
Guesde has had a career more befitting the conventional Socialist leader. Like many another radical, he got his education etting type. At twenty he was writing against the pinchbeck Imperialism of Napoleon III., and was imprisoned six months in Montpellier for an article calling for a revolution. In the stirring times of 1870 he was a prominent Communard, and escaped sentence only by seeking refuge in Switzerland. Five years of exile hardened and embittered his revolutionarism, and turned it definitely into Socialistic channels. Permitted to return in 1876, he set about organizing a French Marxist party, and was so successful that two years later he was arrested again. He was largely responsible for the success of Socialism in gaining the ascendency in the industrial towns of the north—an ascendency which it was not able to maintain in the face of the banded opposition of all other parties. In the Chamber he gathered a small band of followers, but parliamentary Socialism did not amount to much until the accession of Jaurès and Millerand. With their coming, too, came the inevitable dispute about tactics.

In France this dispute has centered about two problems: Should Socialists form an alliance with other parties, and should a Socialist enter a non-Socialist ministry? Guesde has steadily opposed both proposals, and for the moment at least, after a long struggle, has imposed his will on the party. He has urged that to adopt this opportunist policy means blunted ideals, the adherence of loaves and fishes politicians, the raising among the faithful of hopes of a dawning millennium doomed to disappointment so long as power is only partial. The revisionists, on the contrary, have dwelt on the possibility of permeating the Government forces, of securing some installment of reform to hearten the rank and file, and of guaranteeing the free republic against the attacks of its military and ecclesiastical foes. To Jaurès the half-loaf of bourgeois republicanism is better than the no bread and less butter of conservative reaction. To Guesde mere republicanism and all other ideals developed before the year 1 of the Marxian era are anathema. For the present there seems no need of Socialist co-operation with the radicals; Jaurès no longer is the unofficial leader of the Bloc; the inconclusive Millerand experiment is not repeated. It is true that two of the ablest members of the Clemenceau Cabinet—M. Briand, who has had charge of the campaign for separation of Church and State, and M. Viviani, who fills the new post of Minister of Labor—are Socialists. But they are Republicans first and Socialists second, and it is clearly understood that they are fighting for their own hand, without any power to bind their former colleagues. The party, as a party, is contenting itself with setting the pace for the Government. With Clemenceau promising an eight-hour law, shorter military service, old-age pensions, increased income and inheritance taxes, and gradual purchase of railways by the State, the Socialists feel that their work has not been in vain.

Across the border in Belgium the outstanding figures in the Socialist world are Emile Vandervelde and Edouard Anseele. Professor Vandervelde, the author of a little book on "Collectivism" which is one of the ablest and most moderate statements of Socialistic theory in its later development, is perhaps better known in America by his work as leader of the Belgian attack on the Congo horrors. For Belgian Socialism, though active and well disciplined, has not been permitted to confine itself to a Socialistic programme pure and simple. Side issues, ecclesiastical and political, have been many and absorbing. First it was necessary to fight for the suffrage, a vantage ground from which their brethren in other countries started. Anti-clericalism provided another issue. The fight between the Black International and the



J. RAMSAY MACDONALD
England



J. KEIR HARDIE
England

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
England

EDWARD BERNSTEIN
Germany

Red knows no truce in Belgium, however it may slacken elsewhere on the Continent. The Jesuit, not the bourgeois, is the object of the Socialist's fiercest denunciation in Leopold's little kingdom. If recent election results may be relied on, neither side has of late gained much on the other. The Congo has been another red herring drawn across the trail. No little credit is due the Socialist deputies in the Chamber, under Vandervelde's dashing leadership, for their persistent and searching attacks on all King Leopold's get-rich-quick schemes on that Dark Continent which, it is believed, he has made darker.

But perhaps the chief interest in Belgian Socialism attaches to the co-operative experiments connected with the name of Anseele. Shoemaker, notary's clerk, painter, editor by turn, he found his outlet at last in founding the famous Vooruit in Ghent, a combination of club and co-operative store to which only adherents of the Socialistic Labor party are eligible. The movement spread rapidly until it now includes societies in all the large cities, and counts its members by the score of thousands. Each center furnishes its members with a library and club-house, sells them groceries, coal, clothing, insurance, medical attendance, at co-operative prices, and usually maintains a party organ. Thus the faithful are bound together by ties of material interest, and out of the profits funds are secured for further propaganda. This commercial bond, coupled with the party's preoccupation with current political issues, has saved Belgian Socialism from theoretical mistiness.

In Austria, as in Belgium, the fight for the suffrage has been the preliminary task of Socialism. For twenty years Victor Adler and Engelbert Pernerstorfer, leaders of the Austrian Socialist party, have agitated against the cumbersome and antiquated electoral system, based on the mediæval plan of class representation. The inequalities which marked this system may be briefly indicated by the following inscriptions from banners carried in a monster Socialist demonstration in Vienna recently:

> "Nine aristocratic loafers elect one deputy to the Reichsrath."
>
> "Twenty capitalistic freebooters elect one deputy to the Reichsrath."
>
> "4,200 city inhabitants elect one deputy to the Reichsrath."
>
> "12,300 peasants elect one deputy to the Reichsrath."
>
> "500,000 workmen elect one deputy to the Reichsrath."

It is true, Hungarian example, racial deadlock, and dynastic policy had much to do with the recent action of the Government in sweeping away this system at a stroke in favor of universal and equal suffrage. But no small share of the result is due to the able and incessant championing of the cause by Adler, the writer, and Pernerstorfer, the orator, of the party. The two leaders, although fellow-students at the University of Vienna, and now seeing eye to eye in policy, are men of very different antecedents. Adler, the son of a very wealthy Viennese manufacturer, had his first introduction to social problems through the second-hand medium of books. His conversion to Socialism was sudden, and, as usual with millionaire converts, thorough. He practiced his profession of medicine a few years, but gave it up to enter political journalism with such revolutionary zeal that his father practically disinherited him and the Government confined him to prison a year and a half. Mellowing with time and experience, he now wields wide influence as editor of the leading Socialist organ, the Arbeiter Zeitung, and by his treatises has won a place as one of the chief theorists of the party. Engelbert Pernerstorfer, born in poverty and orphaned at an early age, had a concrete, first-hand introduction to the same problem of social ill and social reform. He was too busy earning a living and putting himself through the University of Vienna to theorize about it for some time. Like Jaurès, whom he resembles in many respects, though lacking the Frenchman's brilliancy and magnetism, he first entered Parliament as a left center member, representing a bourgeois curia; there took up the cudgels for the working classes, lost his seat, and came back later as a Socialist. His powers of debate, his moderation, and his firm opposition to the obstructive tactics which have so often turned the Reichsrath into a bears' garden, mark him as worthy of the wide respect he enjoys in Vienna. Both Pernerstorfer and Adler are firm adherents of the revision movement, and favor an opportunist policy of social reform and alliance with other progressive parties. "The old cries," Adler writes, "about the proletariat being the slaves of the capitalist, about the increasing misery of the poor, about the uselessness of social legislation, are worn-out phrases."

They are not worn-out phrases in Italy. There Socialism still retains much of the ultra-revolutionary tinge which has characterized it from the beginning in all three of Europe's southern peninsulas. The revisionist movement, which is led by Signor Turati, has met with bitter and persistent opposition. The most interesting personality in Italian Socialism is undoubtedly the leader of the revolutionary wing, Enrico Ferri, a unique combination of careful scientist and fiery politician. Not many men have the honor of founding a new science, but Professor Ferri may justly be said to have achieved this distinction by his work in criminal sociology. Italy's restoration to a place of honor in the scientific world is largely due to the work her sons have done these two decades past in investigating the nature and genesis of crime and the criminal, studies which are revolutionizing penal treatment the world over. In this work Ferri shares first honors with Cesare Lombroso. The memorial which was presented to him last year on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his beginning university work—he has taught in Turin, Bologna, Siena, Brussels, Pisa, and now in the University of Rome—gave striking witness to the esteem in which his scientific brethren in all countries hold him. The connection between Ferri's science and his politics is clear. The distinguishing feature of his work has been to insist that crime cannot be cured by skillfully constructed codes of law or humane treatment of offenders, but only by bettering the adverse social conditions of which the criminal is the finished product. In Socialism he believes he has found the social regeneration needed, and, with an impatience strange in a man who has spent so many laborious days and years delving in endless musty statistics, demands its immediate and wholesale adoption.

At the opposite pole from Latin Socialism is the Anglo-Saxon variety. England has been an insoluble puzzle to Continental Socialists. All the materials for a Socialistic combustion, they have often pointed out, are found there in greatest abundance—the land monopolized by a few great families, the old yeomanry wiped out of existence, industrial capital concentrated, a proletariat massed in a few great towns where misery contrasts most appallingly with magnificence. If Englishmen were logical as Marxists spell logic, the social democracy should years ago have been in full swing in that little island. But sheer logic has never been one of the vices of the Englishman, and the revolution still hangs fire. Even now, when, at last, Socialism seems to be getting some grip on the British public, it is Socialism of a characteristically compromising, tentative, denatured type, Socialism "with the stamp of the vestry so congenial to the British mind, following the sordid, slow, reluctant, cowardly path to justice, grudgingly muddling and groping towards paltry installments of betterment," as Bernard Shaw wrote a few years ago trying to quiet the reproaches of his conscience for falling away from his own earlier and more fiery ideals by a few final epigrammatic flings at the humdrum policy he was adopting.

Of the three main currents in English Socialism, the Social Democratic Federation is nearest orthodox Marxism. Head and front of the "S. D. F.," as it is popularly known, is one of the most interesting personalities in British politics—Henry M. Hyndman. Few men have devoted themselves to a new cause with more persistence and ability, and with less visible reward. He had an unusual equipment for political life—good abilities, constructive as well as critical, a Cambridge training, the experience born of wide travel and much mingling with men of affairs, and, not least, an independent fortune. He has used that equipment at highest pressure. For a quarter-century he has been indefatigable as writer, speaker, organizer, preaching his message of Socialism so incessantly and so tellingly that the revised creed of individualism has been said to be, "Every man for himself and the devil take the Hyndman." And yet the Social Democratic Federation is at a standstill. Only one candidate for Parliament was returned at the last election, and Mr. Hyndman himself was defeated in a close contest at Burnley. After spending his life and fortune in the cause, he has to stand aside and see eleventh-hour laborers, men with not a tithe of his wide experience or keen ability, sweep past him into Parliament on the crest of the labor wave. His career is a standing lesson on what's in a name. Practically, his programme differs but little from that of the Fabians or the Labor Socialists. But the label of Marxian Socialism queered it. The Englishman prefers to swallow his dose of collectivism without knowing it. The Social Democratic Federation, it may be noted, has recently gained in the Countess of Warwick a recruit of thoroughgoing sincerity, who will make Socialism fashionable, if she does not first make it ridiculous.

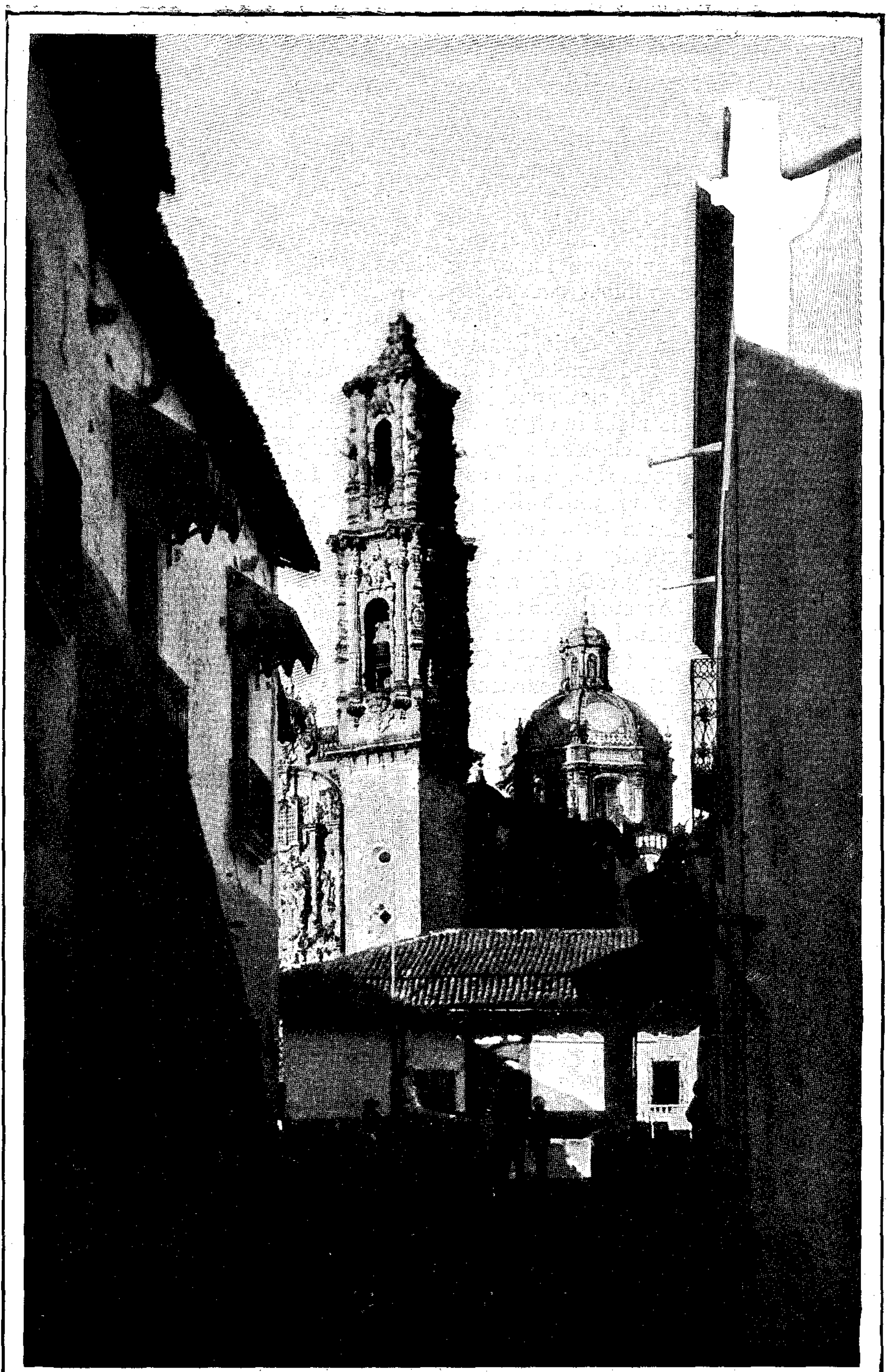
Of the Fabians less is heard to-day than a decade ago. Perhaps, as a French critic put it, they gorged themselves with statistics and went to sleep; or perhaps it is that they have brought the public up to their level and no longer stand forth in splendid isolation. Certainly it would be difficult to find a more able or more successful campaign of education than that instituted by this band of brilliant young men, which includes Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, William Clark, Hubert Bland, H. W. Macrosty. All men of middle-class origin and university training, their Socialism lacked the revolutionary tinge of the millionaire or proletarian varieties. Theory and goal were put into the background. Permeation, not proselytizing, was aimed at. Practical proposals of municipal reform were given stress. In some share the wave of municipal Socialism—now seemingly checked, for a time at least—which has swept over Great Britain for a dozen years must be set down to their skillful and moderated advocacy.

But to-day most interest and vitality attach to the third branch of Socialist activity—the Independent Labor party. The story of how this Socialist organization captured the trades unions, stirred out of their conservatism by the House of Lords decision on the Taff Vale question, and made an alliance whereby the International Labor party furnish the platform and leaders, and the unions the voters and the funds, is fresh in memory. The twenty-nine members who were returned to the present Parliament under this arrangement are not all Socialists, but the most active ones are, and of the rest Keir Hardie says: "Those of my labor colleagues who are trade-unionists simply and not Socialists are prepared to go the length of nationalizing the railways, the coal mines, and the lands, and if they accomplish that in their lifetime may trust their sons to go further." Their immediate programme, though advanced, is not startling. Three demands, the protection of trades union funds from suit, the extension of the Workmen's Compensation Act to practically all trades, and provision for feeding breakfastless school-children at public expense, have already been carried. Secular education, a fourth plank, may possibly, though not probably, result from the present educational muddle. Old-age pensions must wait on financial reform. As for the nationalization proposals, they are not yet seriously pressed.

Two men stand out as leaders of this movement—Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald. There was once a third, and, oddly, the third was also a Scot, claiming descent from the poet. But John Burns is too good a Liberal now to suit his labor friends. Years ago, when the London press was full of denunciation of this arch-agitator, he told his fellow-workmen at Battersea, "When the Liberal press begins to praise me, you will know I have betrayed you." To-day there is no politician in England more fulsomely lauded by official Liberal papers, and his straiter brethren do not hesitate to point the moral and wax sarcastic on the consistency of the man who once termed Albert Edward "the prince of outdoor relief paupers" now attending royal functions in full court paraphernalia, or accepting a government position worth £2,000 a year, when he of yore declared that no man alive was honestly worth more than £500 a year. But the impartial public, while recognizing one source of his conversion in his egotism and susceptibility to flattery, commend his level-headedness in recognizing the limits of possibility and trying in his post at the Local Government Board to accomplish something tangible in improving social conditions without weakening individual stamina.

The youngest man of the trio, Ramsay Macdonald, is whip and secretary of the party. By turn teacher, clerk, and journalist, he found his niche in organizing the party for the recent electoral struggle. His remarkable success stamps him as a leader of the type in which English Socialism has hitherto been lacking—hard-headed, practically efficient, not likely himself to care greatly for a point of dogma, and as the more able to restrain the centrifugal tendencies of those who do care. In a recent tour through Canada and the United States he commented severely on the futile revolutionarism of American Socialism. "Darwinism," he declared, "has made it as necessary to revise Marxism as Genesis."

Keir Hardie is a man of a different type. As his kindly eye might witness, there is more sympathy in his Socialism than in Macdonald's, more of the old flush of enthusiasm for humanity. To Macdonald the Socialist programme is a cold business proposition, to be put through as efficiently as skillful organization and bringing out the vote may accomplish; to Hardie it is a faith to be fulfilled, a vision to dream over and then to act, to bring the dreaming true. The external details of his career are of interest—he was a miner till twenty-four, secretary of the Lanarkshire miners' union for a few years, organizer next of the Scotch miners, his Radicalism slowly turning to Socialism; then in 1892 was elected to the Commons, which might have tolerated his proposals to upset the whole industrial organization of the country, but could not forgive his daring to enter that gentlemen's club without the time-honored silk hat. Note also his work in organizing the Independent Labor party, and his persistence last session in securing from the Cabinet the full price of Labor support. But perhaps the inner man is best revealed in an incident from his early life. After he had taught himself the alphabet down in the dark of the pit by scratching on a blackened stone, the first book he tackled was "Sartor Resartus." "How well I remember," he recalled recently, "sitting up o' nights in my little attic, staring at that wonderful book by the light of my pit-lamp. I could see there was something great in it, but it was far away, beyond my grasp. I longed to understand it. I grasped for the meaning among words of which I had never heard. It was a fearful struggle. Still I went on, and that was how I learned to read." And all through Keir Hardie's after life, however intemperate might be his policy, we see, shining through, the idealism and the doggedness here shadowed forth.



A PICTURESQUE BIT OF OLD MEXICO

MODERN MEXICO

BY COUNT MAURICE DE PÉRIGNY

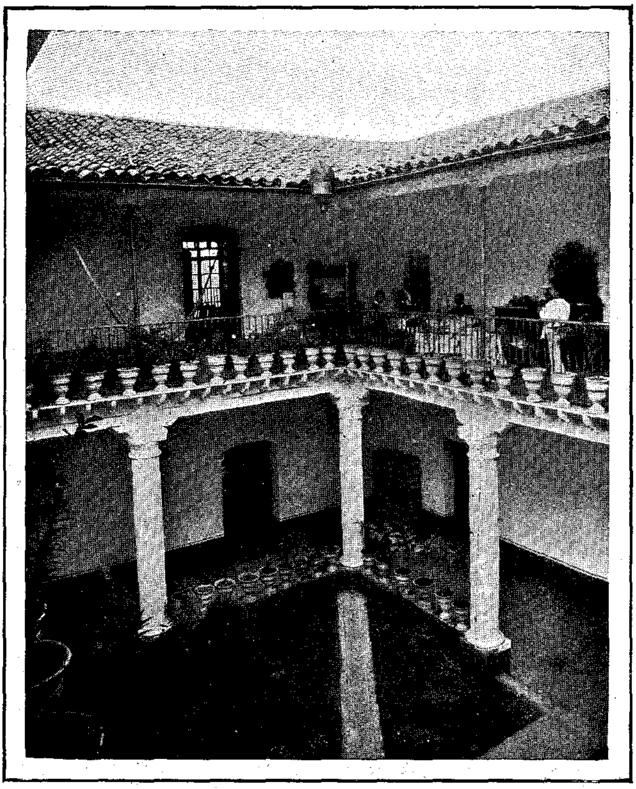
The establishment of more intimate and cordial relations between the United States and the nations of South America must be accompanied by a similar increase of intimacy between Mexico and the United States. Mexico is our first neighbor on the south, and while proximity ought to ally her to us, her Spanish origin brings her into a closer touch with South American peoples. Future citizens of this country who may travel to Argentina and Brazil by the Pan-American Railway of that day must first pass over Mexican soil on leaving their own country. Thus Mexico, by reason of both her national spirit and her geographical position, becomes an indispensable link with South America. In our judgment, the people of the United States are woefully provincial in their ignorance of the political, educational, and industrial achievements of Mexico. In publishing the following article The Outlook hopes to do something towards turning the attention of its readers in the direction of Mexico at this particular time, when the southern part of our hemisphere is receiving unusual consideration from the whole civilized world. The author is a member of various geographical societies and has been an extensive traveler. This particular paper is the result of four months of exploration and study in Mexico on his part. A French view of Mexico is valuable for the reasons which the author states in a letter to The Outlook: "To a Frenchman Mexico makes a strong appeal. It is a Latin country, and France, moreover, has exerted an important influence on its history. Napoleon III. wanted to build in the New World a Latin empire. The scheme was beautiful, but the United States Government was too powerful to permit its accomplishment. France was obliged to retire; she did not conquer the soil of Mexico for the Emperor of her choice; but she did peacefully conquer the Mexicans. In their ideas, their tastes, their literature, their art, French influence is strongly felt. In the schools the books of science, law, and medicine are French. Every Mexican of good birth speaks French fluently. Mexico calls France its intellectual mother and loves and admires her." It is to be hoped that some time she may regard the United States as an elder sister.—THE EDITORS.

AFTER a long period of discord and anarchy, after a series of revolutions and civil wars, Mexico had at last in 1857 obtained for itself a federal constitution. In 1861 the nomination to the Republic's presidency of the patriot Juarez seemed to give to this unhappy country a solid government and the hope of entering an era of peace. Unfortunately, the finances were in an awful state; the interest on the loans, nearly all made at usurious rates, could not be paid. The Congress stopped the payment of the domestic national debt, after having done the same with the foreign debt and thereby caused the French Expedition into Mexico. But, the empire fallen, Maximilian dead, Juarez was re-elected as President, and at his death in 1872 he was succeeded by his Prime Minister, Lerdo de Tejada. Soon, however, the unfortunate country was troubled by a new revolution. General Porfirio Diaz was its leader, and the struggle began between the Lerdists and the Porfirists. Lerdo lost his control, ran off to Acapulco, and left the country in 1876. Diaz entered Mexico the 24th of November, was elected President, began an era of peace unknown before him, and at the end of his term, in 1880, retired in favor of his intimate friend, General Manuel Gonzalez. He retired to his native place, Oaxaca, as Governor, made a trip through the United States, and returned in 1884 to be elected President nearly unanimously. Since that time he has always been re-elected, and two years ago an amendment to the Constitution made the Presidential term six years instead of four.

Unweary worker, firm and energetic chief, able and honest administrator, sure of the army's support, Diaz has entirely reorganized Mexico, has made it a real country. Out of a most disturbed and revolutionary state he has made a peaceful and happy land. A distinguished soldier, he has shown himself a first-rate statesman, with an iron will, great practical sense, a clear knowledge of men and things. Before all, he sees the interest of his country; his ambition is to make Mexico a powerful and prosperous country, the Mexicans a great nation. In order to reach this end he has grouped about him a large number of faithful friends, like him devoted to the interests of the country: Corral, the Vice-President; Mariseal, Mena, and especially Limantour, the Minister of Finances. Diaz has secured peace for Mexico, has given it a firm government, but Limantour has furnished the resources which have allowed it to develop. In the creation of Mexico, in its organization as a modern State, these two names are associated, as they will ever remain, in the public gratitude. By their able and prudent administration these men have taken their country out of chaos, assured its tranquillity, consolidated its credit. They have made it a State rich and prosperous, a State recognized and respected by all.

How little it is known, this modern Mexico, even in the United States! People imagine a country hardly born to civilization, half-barbarous, inhabited by a multitude of Indian savages, always in revolution, where it is dangerous to travel and much more so to stay. It was so of forty years ago, but under the strong direction of General Diaz's genius the order of things has been transformed. Mexico is now strongly constituted, regularly organized. Little by little the people, composed of heterogeneous elements too long divided by class prejudices, are beginning to understand the benefit of the constitution, and are willing to follow it to its full extent.

The first occupation of the Government under President Diaz was to pacify



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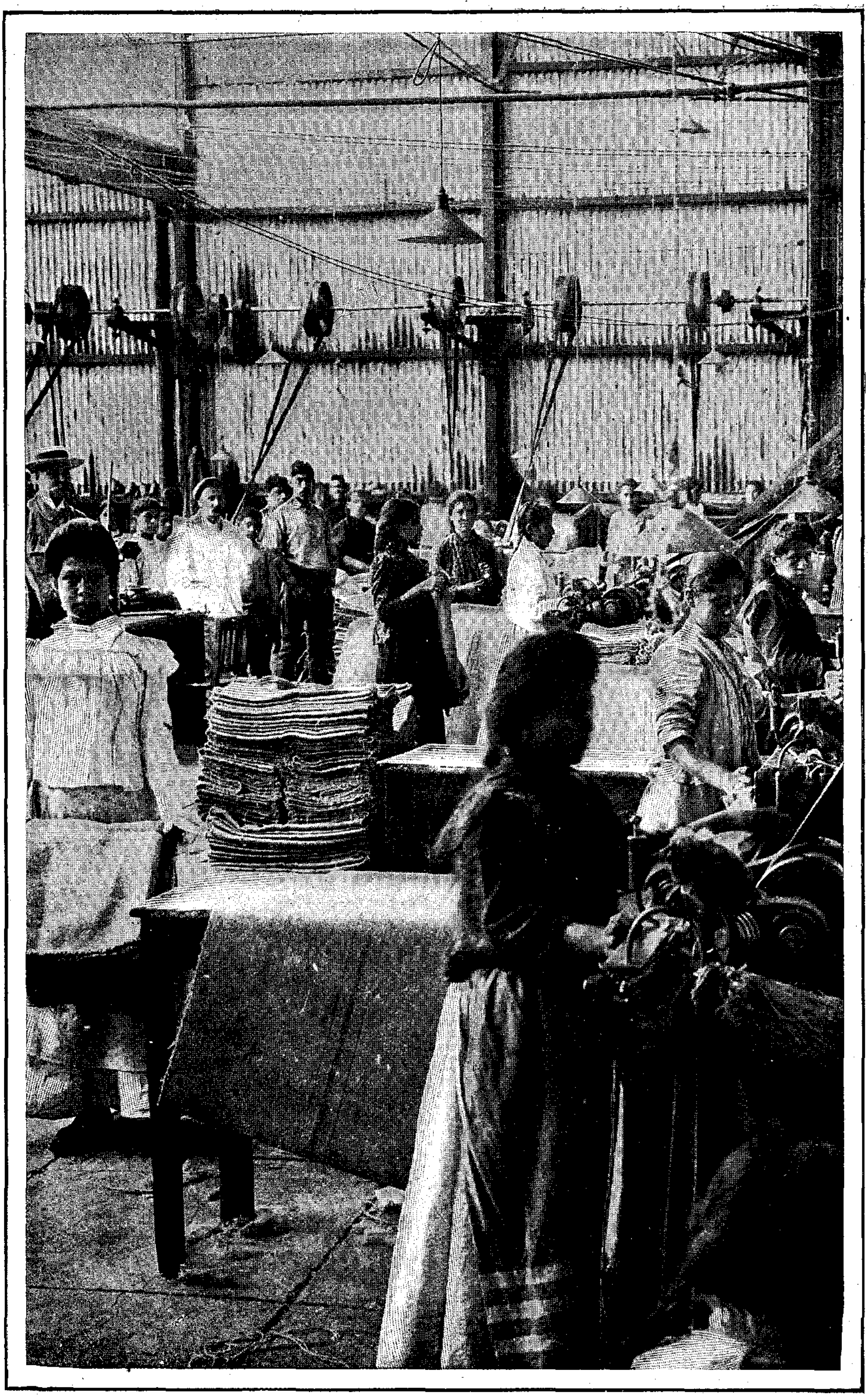
THE PATIO OF A MEXICAN COUNTRY HOUSE



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MEXICAN GIRLS MAKING JUTE COFFEE-BAGS

the country, to clear the land and the city from bands of brigands, remains of the civil wars, who spread terror through the whole country. The organization of the rural guard, that of the city police in the federal district, and the energy of the President made this scourge disappear, and now, aside from a few regions where the last rebel Indians, Yaquis and Mayas, are placed, one can go everywhere through Mexico without any danger.

So established on a solid basis, with a strong financial credit, the Government tried to protect the country, to make the national flag respected, and therefore to create a good military organization. In peace, excepting the choice corps, the army is maintained by voluntary enlistments of men without work. Many individuals who as vagabonds would be dangerous for society are also enlisted, more or less voluntarily, and the influence of a strong discipline, with the certainty of the daily subsistence, improves naturally the morale of these soldiers.

One of the most important factors of this rapid and wonderful development of Mexico was, as for all young countries, the creation of a perfect network of railways. The railways are especially important in Mexico, where nature has erected tremendous obstacles to commercial traffic and to political unity. For that reason, since General Diaz has been in power, the construction of railways has been urged in all directions with an unwearied activity. Foreign capital, especially that of the United States, has answered eagerly the President's call. In 1876 Mexico had 578 kilometers of railways being worked; the 31st of December, 1901, it had 18,432 (about 11,000 miles). Three lines enter the United States and two connect Mexico with Vera Cruz. Others connect the capital with the Pacific, with the south, with the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, from which prolongations towards Guatemala and the State of Yucatan are planned. On all sides, in the different States, new local lines are building, developing the resources of every region. As a help to the railways, the Government has spent immense sums for the improvement of the harbors and the lighting of the coasts. Great works are in progress at Coatzacoalcos on the Atlantic and Salina Cruz on the Pacific. These are the two terminal points of the

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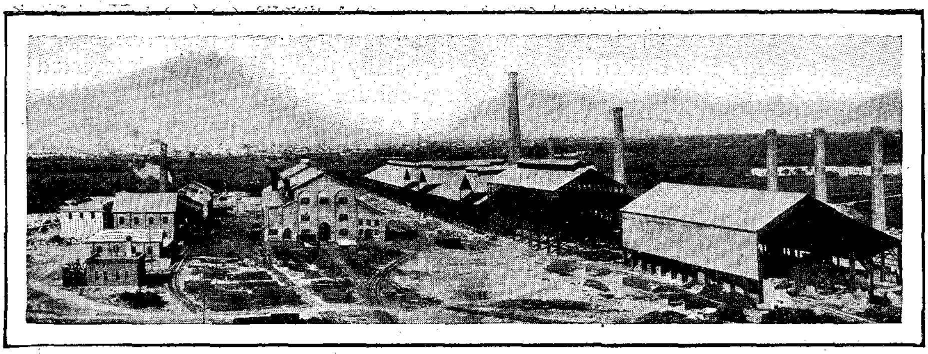
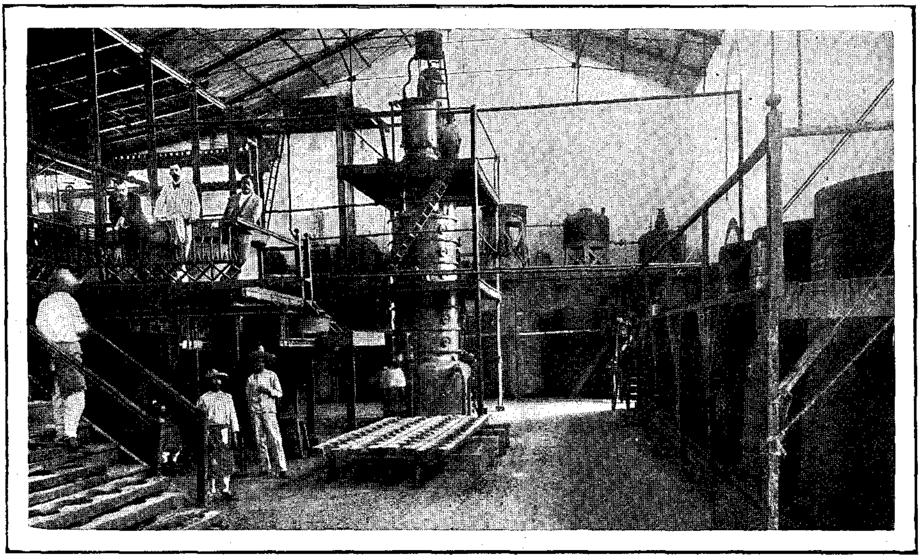
PLACE MAJOR, CITY OF MEXICO



MODERN STEEL WORKS AT MONTEREY



MODERN SUGAR MILL

railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which will be one great commercial way between the Orient and the Occident. Other harbors on the Pacific are also improved—Acapulco, Manzanillo, Mazatlan. These harbors, unfortunately, are not connected with the capital. On each of the principal lines the engineers stopped at the Sierra Mountains, rebuffed by the difficulties of the passage; but the connection of these harbors with the interior is of too vital an interest for the country not to have the Government make every effort possible to complete the proposed railways.[1] Thanks to these numerous railways and also an excellent system of posts and telegraphs, the relations between the different parts of the Republic have become more intimate and more cordial. The particularist spirit of the provinces, a source of perpetual anarchy, has weakened little by little and has given place to a fine feeling of solidarity. There are no more Spaniards and Indians, there are only Mexicans. The action of the central power is sure and rapid, making easier the education of the peasantry and of the peons. And so, little by little, but slowly, alas! the Indians are giving up their dialects to speak Spanish, and are learning how to read and to write; and, thanks to the vivifying flood of primary instruction, progress is penetrating the smallest villages.

But what is needed in Mexico is hand labor. The land as a whole is thinly settled, and this is a serious obstacle to the rapid development of the country. To remedy this, the Government has encouraged the increase of foreign immigration, though it has not yet obtained great success, the immigrants being naturally attracted towards the United States by the prospect of easy work and large pay. Ignoring the true situation of Mexico, they fear the hardships of the climate, the difficulties of living, the dangers of a new country. What is needed most are workmen, tillers of the soil; most of the foreigners are tradespeople or engineers. The Spanish and American colonists are naturally the most important: the first, taking advantage of the sameness of language, of customs, and of religion, have prospered considerably and control the retail business, especially groceries. The Americans have brought in large capital, and hold enormous interests in mines, banks, and railways. The English prefer the management of mines, while the Germans go in for hardware. As for the French colony, very much liked and respected, it has the monopoly of the sale of stuffs and fashions. The Chinese, quite a large number of them, furnish the hand labor; they work in the mines, in railways, do the menial work, while the Japanese, the Mormons, and especially the Italians, are interested in agriculture. And yet, where could one find a wider field for laborious and intelligent energies than this country where there is every climate, a luxuriant growth, a rich and fertile earth, a propitious temperature, where there are millions of acres which give two harvests a year? The country is divided into large plantations which belong either to the State, to private individuals, or to corporations. The management of these "haciendas" demands a very large number of workers, overseers, and directors. The servants of all sorts have quarters of their own in small houses or cabins; the master lives in a special building, generally very large, and often beautiful. All around are grouped shops, stables, schools, a church, and the "tienda," which is a store where are sold the foodstuffs and the clothing necessary to the working population. In certain plantations the household may consist of three thou-

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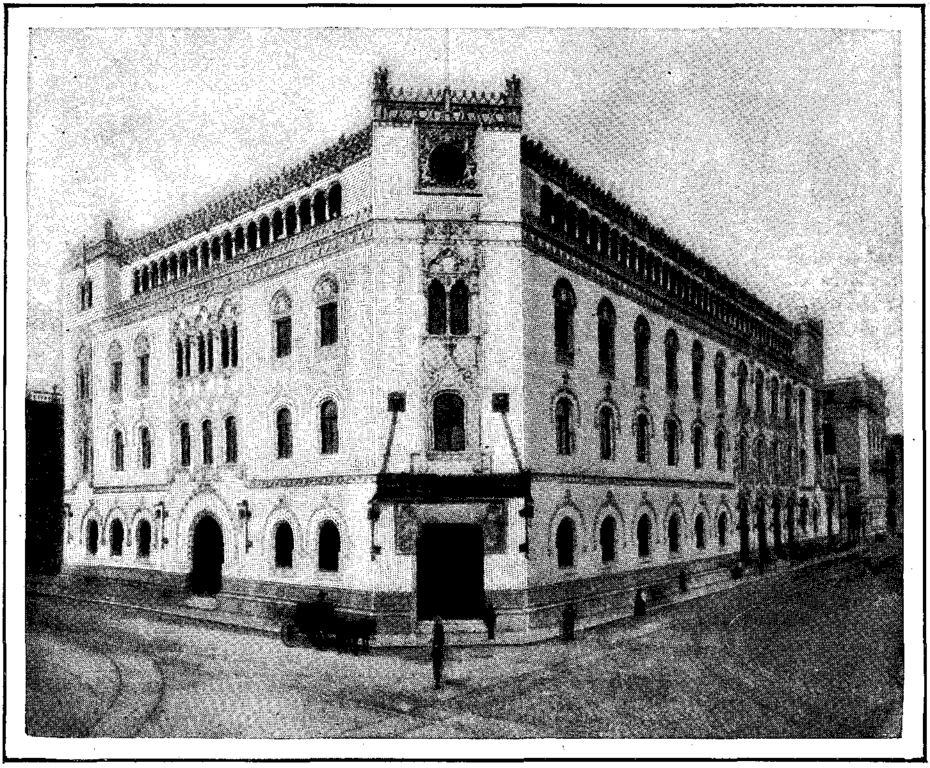
[1] The line between Manzanillo and Guadalajara, on the main line, will be finished by the end of 1907.



THE NEW POST-OFFICE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO sand persons. These workers almost all belong to the soil, and receive, besides their salary, the privilege of cultivating a few acres for themselves. The foreigners are beginning to interest themselves in agriculture; formerly they paid more attention to mining, which constitutes the greater part of the wealth of Mexico. And the Government has taken all necessary measures to facilitate these enterprises and to give to capital two advantages essential for success—freedom and security.

Many pessimists believe that General Diaz is the indispensable pivot of the Mexican Republic, and that if he should die the Government would go to pieces. Everything seems, on the contrary, to show that Mexico has a great future before it. The excellence of the present institutions has been proved, the country has become more wise, perfectly quiet; every guarantee is given to investors. Revolutions are no longer to be feared; they would be too dangerous for the country, and would necessitate American intervention. But the Americans have no interest in wishing for this revolution.

Too great an empire always tends towards decadence, and it is preferable to have as a neighbor a peaceful and happy country than to dominate over a discontented and turbulent one.

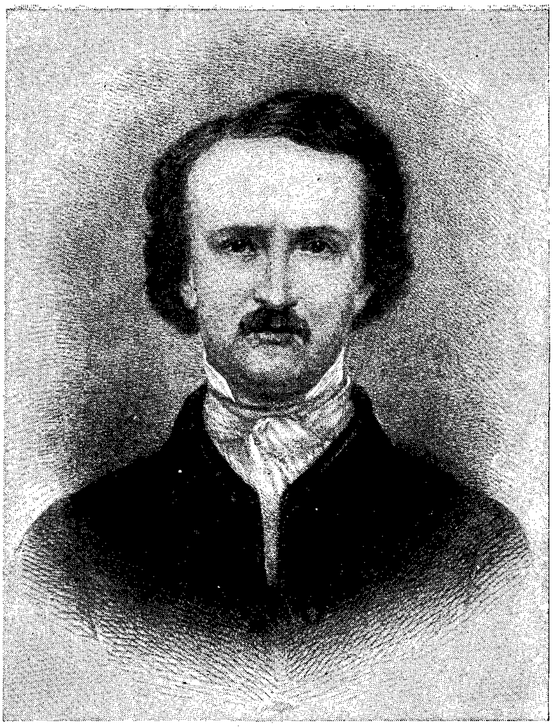
MY PICTURES

BY MERIBAH ABBOTT

Some one gave me a picture—
  A little glimpse of the sea,
Cliff and surf and a gull a-wing,—
I smell the salt and I feel the swing:
  How it comes back to me!
Rhythm of wave, and gleam of sand,
And a white sail rounding the point of land.

Some one gave me a picture—
  A bit of a country lane,
Tangle of flower and fern and vines
Under the shade of the purple pines:
  Oh, to be there again!
There, where the ground-thrush hides her nest,
And the wild red strawberries ripen best.

So, pain-bound and helpless,
  I lie and dream all day;
God is good, and the world is wide,
Sun and sea and the dancing tide,
  And a fair ship in the bay!
These are mine, and the skies of June
Sing, my heart, to the thrush's tune!



FROM AN ETCHING BY S. HOLLYER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IN his short stories of mystery and terror Poe stands almost unrivaled; for while it is easy to indicate his affiliations with Hoffmann, it remains true that in "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," and "The Mask of the Red Death," Poe's power of invention and exquisite sensitiveness to the descriptive value of words to convey the shadowy but definite and terrifying spell which he intends to cast over his reader are unique in the subtle use which he makes of them to detach the mind from actual surroundings and to convey it, as worshipers were led in the Egyptian temples, through long passages until the outer world had become a dim memory. It is in this power of banishing all other impressions from the mind and putting it into the possession of impossible figures and incredible situations that Poe shows his masterly artistic skill. These stories are all essentially unreal. The Lady Madeline and Ligeia are phantoms who never for a moment deceive us by any breath of the living soul. Nevertheless, we are so skillfully taken into their presence, and we live with them in an atmosphere so compounded of the things that deceive, enthrall, and impress, that even in our skepticism we shudder and feel ourselves bound by the same mysterious and awful fate that binds them. "The Pit and the Pendulum" lacks the beauty of diction and the spell of imagination which characterize the stories of Usher and Ligeia; but in its cumulative energy of imagination and its analysis of the sensations of terror passing into torture it is a masterpiece, and fully deserves a place in this series of twelve short stories selected for their permanent value.

With a passion for beauty which, next to his love for his wife, was the deepest devotion of Poe, he united an interest in morbid temperaments and situations of mystery and terror that sometimes led him into grave artistic blunders. He has in more than one instance brought vividly before the mind situations or incidents that cannot be described without creating a feeling of revulsion; and this writer, who never sinned in any word or line against purity, sinned at times against sound feeling by touching too closely and handling too freely what is essentially repulsive. "The Pit and the Pendulum" lacks the richness of style of the stories of "Usher" and "Ligeia," the splendor of color of "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Assignation;" but in the skill with which the materials are used so as steadily to increase the sense of horror, and in the vividness with which the entire scene is realized, it deserves a very high place among Poe's stories. In this story, as in many others, he masters the art of the short story as he himself has defined it, by securing "a certain unique or single effect," toward which every incident and word makes a definite contribution. A marvelous craftsman, who suffered from his lack of deep human insight and sympathy with his kind, Poe remains a magician in his ability to evoke scenes of terror and pictures of despair. Crime, insanity, disordered fantasy, lay always within the empire of his magical pencil. His work stands, as Mr. Bliss Perry has admirably said, "like some lightning-blasted tree, charred and blanched, lifting itself in slender, scornful strength above the undergrowth. No bird rests there save the hawk, restless-eyed; there is peace for no man in its shadow. But it is fine-grained to the very heart of it, and ax and fire may sweep the hillside again and again, yet it will not fall." H. W. M.

> Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
> Sanguinis innocui, non, satiata, aluit.
> Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro,
> Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.
>
> *Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.*

I WAS sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*, perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white, whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words, and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness—of immovable resolution, of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fiber in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless specters, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness of darkness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! even in the grave all is not lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterward (so frail may that web have been) we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages: first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual, secondly, that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is—what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage are not at will recalled, yet, after a long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they come? He who has never swooned is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower; is not he whose brain grows bewildered with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember, amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down—down—still down—till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun in their descent the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness*—the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts, then, were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence;—but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *autos-da-fé*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fiber. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness; or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact, so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more—when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault; for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the inclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavoring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sullen plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fitting subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course, I know not; but, when once again I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous luster, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed—for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon? But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavors to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell: I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept—and, upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps, thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depressions. The entire surface of this metallic inclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the center yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw distinctly and by much effort, for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror—for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate, for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents—*the pit*, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself—*the pit*, typical of hell, and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesquerie of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative), a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in my agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch—line by line, with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful cimeter. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for upon again lapsing into life there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long; for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly—sick and weak as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period the human nature craved food. With painful effort, I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought: man has many such which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention—as if in so dwelling I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down—certainly relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter from the platter beside me to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening ax upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver—the frame to shrink. It was *hope*—the hope that triumphs on the rack—that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe; and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—I *thought.* It now occurred to me that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me was unique. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present—feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite—but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual seesaw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed—they swarmed upon me in ever accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribbons from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the cimeter. For the moment, at least, *I was free*.

Free!—and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free!—I had but escaped death in one form of agony to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which at first I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared and were completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid luster of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison. A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh, most unrelenting! oh, most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the center of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh, for a voice to speak!—oh, horror!—oh, any horror but this! With a shriek I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my twofold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or, if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its center, and, of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

Comment on Current Books

Among the Novels

Many romance-writers have inventive facility, but comparatively few have the knack of sustaining a situation tensely and continuously. The late Hugh Scott (H. S. Merriman) had this faculty in a noteworthy degree; Sir Gilbert Parker has it; Mr. A. E. W. Mason has proved his possession of it in "Four Feathers" and "Miranda of the Balcony," to say nothing of his "Courtship of Morrice Buckley," the first, and some readers think the best, of his novels. Now, in "Running Water" (The Century Company, New York) one finds again that compelling story-interest which stirs and holds the attention without resort to ultra-sensationalism and without relaxing from sound and reasonably conservative literary form. The several threads of the plot are singularly unlike—the passion for Alpine climbing, its hereditary transmission and its influence on a girl's character on the one hand, and on the other the murderous plots of swindlers who are luring a foolish young man to his death after heavily insuring his life. To bring the two elements into a well-balanced and reasonable story was not easy, and Mr. Mason, while he always interests his reader's mind, does not always convince him as to the plausibility of the incidents. Essentially it is as a tale rather than as a study of character that "Running Water" is entertaining.

Quite the contrary with Maarten Maartens's "The Woman's Victory" (D. Appleton & Co., New York). Here, in a dozen or so short stories, sometimes amusing, sometimes distressing or tragical, the author studies as many traits of feminine character—devotion, delicacy, resource, courage, love. There is a fineness and acuteness in these sketches, for they are little more, that few fiction-writers of our day could equal.

In "Prisoners of Fortune," by Ruth Perley Smith (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), an old man, sitting at ease in his quiet home, tells his life story, and recalls many perilous adventures. Pirates were common about American shores early in the eighteenth century, and their bloody deeds, and often their shameful end on the gallows, were recounted as warnings to venturous lads. Philip Campbell was caught in the fever of search for hidden treasure, and his hairbreadth escapes, his romantic love story, and his sufferings and successes are all put down in serious style, quite unrelieved by vivacity, but wholly consistent with the gravity of his day. A modern tale of sea adventure far more lively if not at bottom more probable is Mr. Louis Tracy's "The Captain of the Kansas" (E. J. Clode, New York). Mr. Tracy always writes of the sea, the shipwreck, and the distant dangers of far-off islands with verve and dash; and his men and women are all right so long as they act; but when they talk—alas! missish sentiment, mechanical vivacity, and swelling rhetoric first amuse and then bore. As a sea-story the book is capital, as a novel it is nothing.

While we are on the subject of sensational stories let us record our interest in "Seth Jones of New Hampshire," and especially in the historical introduction on the dime novel written by the veteran writer of novels, boys' stories and histories, Mr. Edward G. Ellis. About forty-eight years ago billboards the country over bore placards with the question, "Who is Seth Jones?" Later appeared in answer placards with that picture of a hunter beloved by all boy readers of the real, original, genuine, yellow-covered Beadle's Dime Novels, and the inscription, "I am Seth Jones." The book was Number Eight of the Beadle series, and it sold 400,000 copies. Now we have it reprinted as a curiosity of literature in a respectable cloth cover. We cheerfully testify that it is innocuous, simple, free from moral taint, and as little sensational as is humanly possible for a book with Indians, a kidnapped maiden, and a hunter with a coonskin cap to be. As Mr. Ellis must have been about nineteen years old when he wrote it, he will not be hurt if we say that "Seth Jones" is a very mild case of Fenimore Cooper and water. It is often said that many of the dollar and a half novels of our time are merely well-bound dime novels, but if this is a fair specimen of the original dime novel our sensation-seekers would find it tame in comparison. Mr. Ellis makes out a very good case for the early dime novel, but, alas! Beadle was crowded out by Munro, "the pages became crimson," and "dime novel" became synonymous with vicious sensationalism. (G. W. Dillingham Company, New York.)

The foregoing remarks naturally lead us to consider Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's "Friday the 13th," which in cutting of throats and other suicidal exercises, in plotted villainy, ruin and blank despair, and most of all in ranting, roaring, heaven-shrieking rhetoric, was surely never surpassed by the yellowest of the yellow-backs. Not even Mr. Lawson can desire more than The Outlook to see the evils of stock-gambling abolished, and if this story will do any good in that way we give it our heartfelt benison; but we may also express our joy that the medicine, if potent, is administered in a small dose, and that after an hour's hectic tumult of soul we can dismiss the ills of tragic finance. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.) The very next book we take up is also a study in fiction of financial methods—happily, however, written more quietly. Mr. Edwin Lefevre's "Sampson Rock of Wall Street" (Harper & Brothers, New York) is minute and realistic in its pictures of speculators' methods and the tricks of manipulation. It has also good and sincere rendering of individual character both in the elder Rock and his son Sam. The first is a man who is in his large intention not a stock-gambler but a constructive man who means to be an industrial leader and developer of the country, but who works the market by every trick and deceit to get control of a railway he needs to carry out that purpose. His son, just home from college and Europe, loves the old man but hates his methods, and sets out to get the railway by fair purchase without incidental ruin of stockholders. The story is graphic and often exciting, but it has not quite the fascination of Mr. Lefevre's "The Golden Flood." It was a bold thing to base a novel so exclusively on financial battling—for the love story is extremely slight. One feels that the author has succeeded by sheer weight of ability, but that the experiment is one not to be easily repeated.

Jack London's "Before Adam" is a remarkable piece of imaginative work in that it pictures our primordial ancestors consistently and vividly. At least two other books of fiction had already dealt with this subject, but the charge that Mr. London has unfairly used them as material is absurd to any one who has read the books. In one respect

"Before Adam" is weak; it is too truth-loving as regards scientific records to leave much room for the emotional aspects of life. Mr. London's dog in "The Call of the Wild" and his wolf in "White Fang" are in a sense more human than his tree-climbers or cave-dwellers or even fire-makers in this book. The story is a sort of literary *tour de force*, ably done and curiously fascinating. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Mr. Edward Noble's "The Issue" is a distressful tale of the Thames and those who live by it, and of sea-life and sea-goers. It needs compression and it lacks brightness, but it is ambitious in its dissection of motives and character. One may hope that such undoubted ability as this writer possesses may in his next story be applied to entertain rather than to puzzle, and to give a clear picture of the joy as well as the misery of life. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

American Legislatures

Mr. Reinsch has done far more than make a handbook relating to American legislatures and legislation. In accordance with the intention of the series of books to which this belongs, he describes comprehensively the manner in which the legislative bodies of the Nation and the States are organized and the scope and exercise of their respective functions. He also discusses from the standpoint of political philosophy and of practical dealings with public questions of importance the technical methods of legislatures and the trend of legislative bodies in directing their procedure to accomplish specific ends. The division of power between the executive and legislative branches and the interpretation of statutes by the courts have due attention. In every way the volume is not only informative but suggestive, and is eminently thorough in treatment. (American Legislatures and Legislative Methods. By Paul S. Reinsch. The Century Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

Animals as Criminals

The author of this book has made a profound study of the extremely curious facts to be found in mediæval and even in modern penology relating to the prosecution and punishment of animals. One is surprised to find so much on this subject and so widespread prevalence of the extraordinary idea that evil-doing by animals was a subject for the law to deal with. Of course much of the judicial prosecution of animals had its origin in pure superstition, and came from the belief that they were bewitched or possessed of devils. The result accordingly was often formal excommunication by the Church; and, ludicrous as such a thing appears to us, it was a very solemn affair in its time. But the idea extended far away from the idea of exorcism, and even to this day traces of the ancient beliefs on this subject may be found, as where, according to the author, the custom still survives, among superstitious and credulous persons in European countries and in some portions of the United States, of serving a sort of writ of judgment on rats or sending them a friendly letter of advice in order to induce them to quit any house in which their presence is undesirable. A case is quoted even as late as 1888 where such a letter was written in Maine, addressed in business style to "Messrs. Rats & Co.," and presumably, following the ancient custom, was rubbed with grease to attract the attention of the rats, rolled up and thrust into their holes. If such a thing can be done in our own time with serious intention, it is not hard to believe some of the extraordinary tales told by this author of the proceedings taken against snakes, cats, dogs, pigs, and horses. The author has succeeded in making an extremely readable and in a sense a learned volume, one which is a welcome addition to the curiosities of literature. (The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals. By E. P. Evans. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50, net.)

How to be Happy

This tonic little book grew, the author tells us, from Wordsworth's remark that Coleridge could not fully understand his poems "because he was not happy enough." If any fail to appreciate the book, it will be because they lack the moral fiber for the climb which the way to happiness requires. The happiness it speaks of is found in the realization of the true self—the divine germ in humanity—through good work for a noble object and a high ideal. Such happiness, moreover, is affirmed to be, not a privilege of the few, but the duty of all; a short way of saying that it is realized through fidelity to what is best in us. Practical philosophy spiced with wit and humor, and blending with a broad and virile religion, characterizes the course of thought. "There are more homes the happiness and daily comfort of which are affected by their having ceased to pray than are conscious of the fact." The missing note, if any, in the book is of sympathy and encouragement for those that have lost heart and feel driven to the wall. (The Way to Happiness. By Thomas R. Slicer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

The Law of Railroad Rate Regulation

This is a legal treatise of twelve hundred pages. It contains the full text of the Inter-State Commerce

Act and decisions both of the courts and of the Commission under this act, as well as a discussion of the general principles of public service law and the primary obligations of those in public employments, particularly of carriers. In brief, it covers comprehensively the whole law, both common and statutory, with respect to railway rate regulation. The range covered is illustrated by the fact that not merely railways but other public service corporations, as those dealing with cemeteries, water-works, gas-works, and the like, are included. The book appears to us a valuable addition to the editor's library, and, with its companion book of "Selected Cases" on the same general subject, to be well-nigh indispensable to the lawyer who has to deal with this subject. (The Law of Railroad Rate Regulation. By Joseph Henry Beale, Jr., and Bruce Wyman. William J. Nagel, Boston. $4, net.)

A Library of Home Economics The extent of the field covered in this series of books and the practical character of the topics dealt with may be judged by the appended list of volumes. The editors and directors of the American School of Home Economics, by whom these books have been prepared, take as their motto the belief that "right living should be the fourth R in education" and that "home-making should be regarded as a profession." It is certainly true, as they declare, that there has been a great industrial evolution in the last two generations in the home as elsewhere, and it is equally true that the management of the home and the care of the family may now rightly be called both a business and a profession. Looking at the subject in this light, the volumes of this library may be regarded as the tools and formulæ for carrying on the work in a systematized and intelligent manner. It would be impossible to comment individually on each of these dozen text-books, but it may be said broadly that a wise discrimination has been exercised in the choice of the authors of the books, for these writers are recognized authorities and special students in the various fields with which they deal. In all cases, so far as we have observed, simplicity of statement and clarity in bringing essential points in due relation and proportion before the student's eye are qualities carefully sought for. The exposition of facts is helped by numerous drawings and diagrams, and brevity is equally sought for, but without sacrificing completeness in presenting the subject under discussion. (The Library of Home Economics: Vol. I., The House: Its Plan, Decoration, and Care, by Isabel Bevier. II., Household Bacteriology, by S. Maria Elliott. III., Household Hygiene, by S. Maria Elliott. IV., Chemistry of the Household, by Margaret E. Dodd. V., Principles of Cookery, by Anna Barrows. VI., Food and Dietetics, by Alice Peloubet Norton. VII., Household Management, by Bertha M. Terrill. VIII., Personal Hygiene, by Maurice Le Bosquet. IX., Home Care of the Sick, by Amy Elizabeth Pope. X., Textiles and Clothing, by Kate Heintz Watson. XI., Study of Child Life, by Marion Foster Washburne. XII., Care of Children, by Alfred Cleveland Cotton. American School of Home Economics, Chicago.)

A Normal Democratic Government "Newer Ideals of Peace" is not a felicitous title for Jane Addams's interesting and suggestive volume. It is interesting because it gives the reflections of a woman of extraordinary ability upon certain aspects of modern life which she has had extraordinary opportunities for observing. It is suggestive because she sees very clearly that the old conception of government as a mere keeper of the peace, a mere umpire to watch that the industrial game is played according to the traditional rules, is wholly inadequate to meet present conditions. It is imperfect because she has studied only one phase of our National life, and, in American fashion—we were tempted to write feminine fashion—she draws too large generalizations from her too specialized observations. We do not doubt, for example, that her graphic and dismal picture of the treatment of immigrants in America (pp. 44, 45) is true of *some* immigrants—chiefly those who are concentrated in certain of our cities. But Commissioner Watchorn, from his wider knowledge of the immigrant population, would give a very different report of the conditions and the sentiments of the immigrant population as a whole. But with the theme of this book The Outlook is in hearty sympathy, and that theme Miss Addams enforces by a great variety of valuable illustrations taken from real life in what is perhaps the most cosmopolitan city in the country. "Whereas repressive government, from the nature of the case, has to do with the wicked, who are happily always in a minority in the community, a normal democratic government would naturally have to do with the great majority of the population in their normal relations to each other." Her book is larger, her theme more profound, than her title would indicate. (Newer Ideals of Peace. By Jane Addams. The Citizen's Library. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

Letters to The Outlook

THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY

In The Outlook of February 9, which has just reached me, you have a leader note entitled "A Setback to Socialists," in which you deal with recent happenings in Germany, Russia, and here in Great Britain. Whether you consider the elections in Germany and Russia "a setback to Socialism" in view of the votes is a matter of judgment, but when you proceed to make certain comments upon what happened at our Labor Conference last month in Belfast you depart from the sphere of opinion and come to that of fact. You make certain statements as follows: "The most notable issue was the struggle for control between the Socialists and the trade-unionists;" "Mr. Keir Hardie, who led the advanced Socialists, was overwhelmingly defeated in the convention;" "The political policy of organized labor, as defined by the Congress, involves freedom from affiliation with the extreme Socialist propaganda and the endeavor to secure legislation by holding a balance of power between the two main parties;" "Considerable opposition against public ownership in collectivism was manifested at the Congress."

As a matter of simple fact, not a single one of those statements is correct. The Socialist resolution to which you refer was moved, not by a Socialist society, but by a small trade union. The Socialist organizations present, instead of supporting it, opposed it on the ground that it was a breach of the understanding come to between the trade-unionists and the Socialists six years ago. Mr. Keir Hardie opposed the resolution, and, so far from being overwhelmingly defeated, helped to overwhelmingly defeat the other side. Moreover, the sentence stating that it was formally agreed that it was not necessary for the Socialists to become trade-unionists is one the import of which you do not seem to understand. If there was any big question involving policy before the Conference, this was it. Instead of being overwhelmingly defeated, Mr. Hardie and his Socialist friends overwhelmingly defeated the other side again. Nor is it true that considerable opposition was manifested against public ownership and collectivism. The Conference unanimously passed the collectivist resolution twelve months ago, and if it were asked to repeat the vote it would do so. The resolutions upon Land, Public Management of the Liquor Traffic, and so on, went through unanimously, and were all embodiments of the idea of public ownership and collectivism.

Finally, it is not true to say that the policy which the party laid down was that of securing legislation by holding the balance of power between the two main parties. That is exactly the opposite of what the party policy is. Our policy is to build up a party independent of the other political parties, and to get legislation through by the sheer force of the case that we can make out for it. It will be a very bad day for labor, not only in Great Britain but in America, when it comes to such a foolish resolution as you suggest we came to, namely, to get legislation passed by holding a balance of power between two unsympathetic political parties.

In view of the way in which your article has so grossly misrepresented what took place at Belfast, I would be much obliged if you would publish this letter in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD,
Secretary of the Labor Party; Member of Parliament for Leicester.

London, England.

[The paragraph to which this letter refers was based on cable reports. We are glad to present Mr. MacDonald's statement.—THE EDITORS.]

RAILWAY RATE REGULATION

In The Outlook of January 5, under the head of "Railway Rate Regulation: The Next Step," you discussed the two theories of rate-making, the first of which you say is generally applied, and the second of which you think should be applied, in fixing the remuneration for service performed in the transportation of freight traffic.

The first theory is that transportation service is private property, and the railway sells it to the shipper for what the traffic will bear. The second theory is that transportation is not private property to be sold, but a public service to be rendered, and the price paid for this service "is not a price paid by a customer, but a toll paid by the purchaser."

In your opinion, "all that we have done so far is to give the Inter-State Commerce Commission power, on complaint that particular charges are unjust and unreasonable, to order them made just and reasonable;" and that what we next want is an official recognition by law of that second theory, and a conference by representatives of the people appointed by the Government and representatives of the railways "in an endeavor to settle upon a certain general principle to be universally applied by the Government in determining what the tolls should be."

This would be a duplication of commissions, which of itself is of doubtful propriety; and, moreover, these two theories are, in fact, more or less interwoven, and are of necessity generally applied to-day in any fair adjustment of rates. In our opinion, we should stop long enough to determine just *what* we have already done before we begin an effort to solve this problem upon a new basis.

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of discrimination—discrimination against individuals and discrimination against communities.

The present law has proved effective for the punishment of those who solicit and those who grant rebates, and consequently this feature depends upon the honesty and fearlessness of those to whom the enforcement of the law is intrusted.

The question of the second form of discrimination, that against cities or communities, demands not only the knowledge of the legal points involved, but also an intimate and exact knowledge of the commercial conditions of the communities interested and the requirements thereof, and a fair adjustment of the rates involved as between the rival cities or communities, and also a fair and wise consideration of the interest of the railways. Especially delicate is this feature, because you are dealing not only with one or a dozen rates, but with hundreds of rates; and in readjusting these rates for one city or community it will very likely involve the readjustment of rates to and from numerous other points.

The regulation of this is within the province of the Commissioners, as is also the regulation of any inter-State rate that may be complained of; and the Commissioners are now engaged in various sections of the country taking evidence on such complaints, and their decisions are promised at an early date. Thus certainly the powers of the Commission are ample, I might say dangerous; for in putting into the hands of the Commission the power to say what rates are unreasonable, and to readjust the transportation charges of this country, we have given to the Commission, a body of not infallible men, a power that is appalling to the capitalist, especially when, in addition to bona-fide complaints, every demagogue and red journal is crying for blood, and every complaint calls for a readjustment, not by advances, but by reductions, and out of decreasing revenue must come the increased cost of operation. Thus it behooves the conservative journals of the country, as a part of wisdom and fair play, to stop this agitation until it can be seen to what extent the Commission is equal to the enormous task before it. If the present Commission prove incompetent, then change the personnel of that body until we secure an expert Commission, and have a full demonstration of the effectiveness of the present laws.

E. O. ALSTON.

Montclair, Colorado.

MR. CAMPBELL AS A THEOLOGIAN

[A member of the City Temple sends The Outlook the following protest against its expressed judgment that the Rev. R. J. Campbell, while a great preacher, "is not fit to frame a system of philosophy." We gladly give place to her eulogy of her pastor, while it does not change our judgment. Mr. Campbell is a great preacher, but not a great theologian. The two terms are not synonymous. In fact, it is very rare that the same man has the abilities which fit him for both positions.—THE EDITORS.]

I have heard Mr. Campbell in his own pulpit very many times during the past three years, besides enjoying the honor of his personal friendship, and I should say that of the many exceptional qualifications that go towards his unique equipment as a preacher none is more remarkable than his power of sustained and connected thought. I never heard Dr. Parker, but from all I have heard of him I think it would be difficult to find two men more dissimilar, excepting in the possession of a magnetic personality. Mr. Campbell preaches three times a week, twice on Sunday, and on Thursday at noon for city men and women. His sermons are delivered invariably without even the briefest notes, being reported *verbatim* for publication. They are characterized by beauty of diction, simplicity and purity of style, and lucidity of purport. The theme is never for a moment lost sight of, and quotations and references from the most varied sources (besides the Bible, which Mr. Campbell seems to have absorbed from cover to cover) are ready in abundance to point a figure or sustain an argument. That he is "a master of epigrammatic style" *when he sees fit to use it* I grant you; but I have wholly misunderstood the meaning of the term "epigrammatic" if it can be applied truthfully, in any general sense, to Mr. Campbell's preaching.

A MEMBER OF THE CITY TEMPLE.

Albany, New York.

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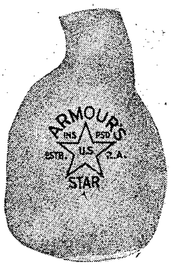

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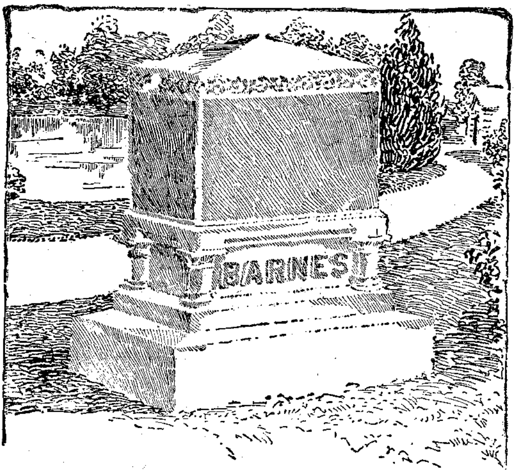

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